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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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DYNAMITE AND PANIC IN THE AIR!

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1885.

DYNAMITE CRIMES.

THE resolution introduced into the Senate by Mr. BAYARD upon the day of the dynamite explosions in London expresses the feeling of America and of civilization:

"*Resolved*, That the Senate of the United States has heard with indignation and profound sorrow of the attempts to destroy the Houses of Parliament and other public buildings in London, and hereby expresses its horror and detestation of such monstrous crimes against civilization."

The protest of the press was universal and most emphatic, and left no doubt of the American feeling. The speech of Mr. ROOT, United States District Attorney, at the Lotos Club dinner, in New York, stated the condition of the law:

"Men may conspire here to commit wholesale assassination upon English soil, and it is no legal offense. They may do it in broad daylight, and boast of it with impunity. They may solicit contributions and raise money for the avowed purpose of foreign murder, perfect their plans, designate their agents, purchase their material, and manufacture their implements, without violating any statute of this land. The laws ought to be changed, and I bespeak the influence of every member of this club, every man whose pulse has been stirred up by the eloquence of Mr. DEPEW, to promote legislation which will be adequate to the measure of your moral responsibilities. This people has been foremost among the nations of the earth in securing to every man liberty of speech and liberty of action; it should not be the last to punish those whose liberty of word and act degenerates into infamous crime."

The bill offered on the same day by Mr. EDMUNDS in the Senate, in accordance with the suggestions of the President in his Annual Message, is the earnest of our sincere desire to do everything possible which is consonant with the just safeguards of free institutions to repress such crimes and to punish such criminals. Such wanton, malignant, and cruel massacres as the dynamite conspirators propose, the indiscriminate murder of men, women, and children, the destruction of noble, beautiful, and historic buildings, and the terror like that of a fearful pestilence walking in darkness and wasting at noonday, may well kindle a frenzy of feeling which under peculiar provocation may some day burst in awful fury upon equally innocent victims.

Whatever the wrongs of Ireland may be, they will not be remedied by Irish crimes. It is unjust to hold a people responsible for the acts of the most detestable villains among them; but passions flaming under incessant and unspeakable outrages of unknown assassins which are believed to be stimulated by the appeals of men accepted by a people as its leaders will hold that people to be guilty, and it would seem that a very little more of this mysterious warfare might stain English history with a terrible outbreak of ghastly vengeance, and involve the innocent Irish in a fearful catastrophe. Agitation, and finally open, manly, heroic revolution, are familiar in the history of liberty and civilization. They may carry with them, even when unsuccessful, the sympathy and admiration of the world. But this dynamite deviltry moves only the execration of mankind. Mr. PARNELL and his associates, unless they are fools, are not deceived. They know that such acts alienate universal sympathy from any cause in aid of which they are perpetrated. They and their authors, not the Saxon, nor Mr. GLADSTONE, nor the British government, are the deadly enemies of Ireland. Instead of bitterly denouncing English Liberals and demanding the GRATTAN Parliament, let PARNELL and his friends denounce more bitterly the perpetrators of these crimes, and demand instant and ample justice upon them, and endeavor strenuously to secure it. It is the theory of Irish agitation that England has been coerced into every concession ever made to Ireland. This is in great part true. But not only is the situation of Ireland radically changed, but the terror which the dynamite plan is intended to produce coerces nobody, and the indiscriminate ruin and massacre which it proposes merely prepare an equally indiscriminate vengeance for those in whose name it falsely professes to be done.

What, then, can we do in this country against the common wrong? This country is a basis of the operations of enemies of the human race against civilized society. That is to say, the denunciations of men in other countries by name, the solicitations of money to procure the means of murdering them, the promises that they shall be applied to that purpose, the collection of the money, and the dispatch of agents, are all acts which are performed in this country. They are not prohibited by our laws. Can they be effectively prevented, and how? The bill of Mr. EDMUNDS makes it a criminal offense to manufacture or sell any explosive material for the purpose of injury to person or property in this country or elsewhere, and punishes every person who knowingly aids the making or transport. The bill should include also the provision in Mr. GILBERT'S New York bill punishing the soliciting, giving, or receiving money or other property, directly or indirectly, when there is reason to believe it to be for the purpose of unlawful destruction of life or property. Much more than this is hardly practicable. Dynamite rhetoric can not be suppressed except by an intolerable abridgment of the liberty of the press. The adulation of assassins, the glorification of hideous and revolting crimes, like the exhortations of the anarchist MOST to a general slaughter of mankind, should place their authors under the strictest surveillance of the police, like men whose portraits are in the Rogues' Gallery. But they can not be wisely suppressed by law, any more than the subsidizing of such papers by political parties or the fawning of demagogues upon their editors. These are evils whose correction is better left to the robust good sense and the honest conscience of the country. But whoever solicits or collects, or pays money or supplies material, or by any other act aids the commission of any crime in any other country which would be punished as a crime in this country, should suffer as a principal.

FREEDOM OF WORSHIP.

THE well-known bill called the Freedom of Worship Bill has been again presented in the New York Legislature. It is supported by no new arguments, and the facts are familiar. The bill professes to desire to secure freedom of worship to inmates of institutions for the care of the poor, and if such freedom were really denied to such inmates the bill would be passed by common consent. But the object of the movement is well known. It is to allow sectarian teaching in the New York House of Refuge, and this it aims to secure by a forced construction of the constitutional guarantees of religious liberty. The House of Refuge was founded many years since by charitable citizens of all religious denominations to reform youthful offenders, and under sound moral and mental guidance to train them to habits of regular industry. It was established as a non-sectarian institution, and it is directed by a Board of Managers whose members belong to various Christian denominations, including the Roman Catholic, and the non-sectarian religious teaching is cordially approved by them. The object of the institution is at once charitable and corrective, and to that end its discipline ought not to be subject to a sectarian or other interference beyond the control of the managers.

There is, however, no exclusion of clergymen of any denomination, and their visits are always welcomed, subject to the rules of the House. But it is obvious that it would be practically impossible to hold stated religious services according to the various sectarian forms of all the inmates, and by clergymen independent of the control of the managers. The fair and reasonable attitude of the Board is shown by the following declaration adopted by them—a declaration whose perfectly honorable observance by the Board is not denied:

"That the House of Refuge is in every sense of the word a non-sectarian institution.

"That all the inmates have entire freedom of conscience and from all religious restraint.

"That no sacrament of any particular Church or creed is used or allowed in the institution.

"That services of a purely non-sectarian character are held in the chapel on Sunday, as part of the discipline of the House.

"That clergymen of all denominations can hold service according to the rule of non-sectarianism, and address the inmates upon giving notice to the Board.

"That we invite and earnestly request clergymen of all the different denominations to hold such service in the House.

"That parents or friends can furnish the inmates of the House with books of prayers used in and by their faith, and the children can read them at their leisure.

"That any inmate sick or dying can send for any priest or clergyman he or she may desire, and have all the offices of his or her Church for such sick person, and that every facility will be afforded to such clergyman.

"That private devotions and the outward forms required by any Church for individual prayers are allowed all inmates.

"That no effort is made or allowed to interfere with or bias the minds of the inmates on religious matters.

"That the question of the religion or sect is never asked those admitted to the House, nor are they asked the religion of the parents.

"That this Board condemn, as interfering with the discipline of the institution, any effort to introduce sectarian teaching of any kind in the House of Refuge at Randall's Island in the city of New York."

The pending bill provides that the religious services of the denomination to which the inmates, or if they are infants, to which their parents or guardians, belong, shall be held in the institution. But why, in defiance of the conditions of necessary discipline in a quasi-penal institution, should the State authorize the interference of a parent whose neglect and evil example have led his child into crime; and still more of a guardian whose relation to the child is often wholly perfunctory? The youth themselves are of a class which has no religious or denominational preferences. The State has secluded them for correction and training. If they desire the special offices of a clergyman of a particular sect, they may receive them, and such clergyman may hold religious exercises in a non-sectarian manner. It is a regulation reasonable in itself, satisfactory to the Board of Managers of all denominations, and agreeable to the inmates. Why should it be changed? Since the inmates do not desire the change, and their parents have forfeited all claim to interference in the matter, and the managers protest, and the demand comes from a single denomination and from no other, it is natural to suspect some illicit purpose of sectarian influence and control. The persistence of the effort in the face of the known facts has revealed its character. How are "the free exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and worship," which are guaranteed by the Constitution, to be secured by permitting the unfaithful guardian of a child to interfere with the discipline of a corrective institution to which his evil conduct has committed the child? For the seventh time this bill appears. It is in effect a sectarian assault upon a public corrective institution of the same general character as that which is aimed at the public schools, and it is condemned by the same general and instinctive sentiment which happily keeps church and state asunder.

THE ADIRONDACK FORESTS.

THE theory that Congress and State Legislatures ought not to delegate inquiries upon important subjects to commissions proceeds upon the mistaken assumption that the voters elect representatives whose pursuits and studies and thoughts have peculiarly fitted them for legislation by familiarizing them with the various subjects of public interest. The value of this assumption may be tested by considering the Legislature as an assembly of the citizens who are best fitted by general familiarity with great public interests and by trained ability to deal with such questions. For instance, one of the most important questions in the State of New York is that of forest preservation, to protect and maintain the water supply. Intelligent legislation upon the subject is indispensable. But the members of the Legislature, as a whole, would not hesitate to admit that their studies had not lain in that direction, and that they were not prepared at once to grapple with the Adirondack forests, and to determine the best protective policy to pursue in regard to them. Very wisely, therefore, the last Legislature appointed a Commission to investigate the whole subject, and to report upon it. Their report has just been presented, together with a scheme of legislation, and, thanks to an intelligent and public-spirited Commission, the general plan of a policy is now offered which promises a wise settlement of the important problem.

The chief destructive agent of the forests is fire. The forests are perishing from the outside, where farmers burn fields to clear them. This makes a desert belt around the woods, which is every year extending. "The forests upon which the great rivers of the State depend for their water supply, the forests which bring into the State thousands of travellers every year, and support the population of several counties, are being destroyed in a vain and hopeless struggle on the part of a small and impoverished population to cultivate land unfit for all agricultural crops, and destined by nature to remain perpetually covered with forests." Experience has proved that if nothing should be done by public authority, the forests would vanish before private interest and action. The only adequate means, therefore, of preserving conditions which are essential to the future prosperity of the

State is State ownership and control of the lands. Such control can be acquired only by purchase. But the cost would be so enormous, and the jobbery so sure, and the intelligent management of the forests so doubtful, that the Commission does not now recommend a general purchase. The experiment should begin upon a small scale. The State already owns a considerable part of the Adirondack tract, and during the next few years its holding will largely increase by voluntary relinquishment of land for back taxes. The State should begin by a wise system of management for the lands that it already owns. The report holds that wise management can be assured only by a non-political Commission with absolute power of appointment and dismissal of subordinates. It is remarkable, as an evidence of the poor kind of public service which is supplied by the political or spoils system, that whenever a scheme is proposed which it is desirable to carry out with intelligence, economy, efficiency, and public spirit, a non-political agency is always recommended.

The relation of the Comptroller to the wild lands of the State and to the work of the proposed Commission makes it desirable that he should appoint the members, with some power of removal; and the Commissioners should be unsalaried. The same public spirit which is shown in the Board of Charities and upon the Niagara Park Commission might be trusted to fill the Forest Commission. The executive officer would be a Forest Warden; and again, the report says:

> "It is of the utmost importance that the Forest Warden should not be exposed to political vicissitudes or be deemed in any respect a political officer. He should, therefore, have no definite term of office beyond the pleasure of the Commission. The person selected for this position must have peculiar qualifications He must have a good scientific training and excellent business ability. But beyond these he must bring to his office tact, vigor, firmness, and the breadth and aptitude of mind which are needed at the inauguration of any new policy."

Such an officer should be retained as long as his services are efficiently performed, and as it would take him at least ten years to complete a general system of forest treatment, and the value of his services would be constantly greater, his salary should be increased year by year for six years. The same considerations apply to the less important officers; and again, the report says that unless they are removed completely from the chances of political and personal changes, it is not reasonable to suppose that the work would succeed. There are other wise recommendations in a proposed law to prohibit the cutting of timber under certain circumstances. Mr. POUCHER, of the Commission, concurs in the report with one exception. He would have the Governor appoint a single responsible head of the work, instead of a Commission. The report furnishes information and a solid basis of legislation, and an intelligent public opinion may now be brought to bear upon the subject. The Legislature might well have a large number of copies of the report printed for general distribution.

TRYING TO BAFFLE REFORM.

THE organized attacks in the Legislature of New York upon the civil service reform law are proofs of the excellence of the law and of the good results that it is producing. The professional trading politicians have discovered that it "blocks their little game," and their plan is to exempt the class of places in which they trade from the operation of the law, under the pretense that the examinations are not practical. It is well, therefore, to remember that the purpose of competitive examinations is threefold: first, to ascertain comparative general intelligence; second, to ascertain specific knowledge; and third, by requiring the selection of the candidate who is proved to be best fitted, to break up mere favoritism and personal influence.

Under the old system there was a form of examination before appointment. But not only was it merely formal and practically neglected, but there was no obligation either to examine all properly qualified applicants, or to select those who showed themselves to be best fitted. There was nothing in such an examination to prevent the chief abuses which the reformed system corrects. These abuses sprang mainly from treating the public service as the property of a few political bosses in every community, and filling it with their henchmen and agents. The consequence was that the public employés held their places, not by proved fitness, but at the pleasure of the bosses, while by the aid of such henchmen the bosses carried the primaries, thus using the public money to pay their own personal and political agents.

In the city examinations for the Police and Fire departments the examinations lay great weight upon physical qualities of health, strength, endurance, etc., while the special and general inquiries are such as will properly test intelligence and aptitude. It is true, to use an extreme illustration, that a street sweeper should not be examined in Sanskrit. But it is no less true, and never to be forgotten, that, other things being equal, an intelligent street-sweeper who is no man's man is preferable to one who is the ignorant tool of a boss.

THE COKE BILL.

THE *Congressional Record* shows that the Indian question never commanded so much attention both within and without Congress as it commands to-day. This is the result of a peaceful agitation which has aroused public opinion upon the subject, and that opinion is reflected in Congress. And it is a very pleasant and significant fact that the general suggestions of those who have been led to the study of the Indian question as a matter of principle and public policy coincide with those of eminent military officers who have had most practical experience in dealing with the Indians.

There are two bills relating to Indian affairs now pending in Congress, and there ought to be no delay in considering and acting upon them. One of them is that of Senator DAWES for the division of the Sioux reservation—a bill which is the result of the Senator's personal knowledge and interest in the subject. The other is known as the COKE bill, which is perhaps of more immediate importance than the DAWES bill, as defining the legal status of the Indian. The bill has already passed the Senate, and has been favorably reported by the committee of the House. Nothing is now necessary but to fix a day for its consideration, and the fact that there is no selfish interest to push the bill, by removing all suspicion, should secure its early consideration.

The COKE bill authorizes the government to hold the reservations in trust for the Indians for twenty-five years, and then to convey them free of incumbrance. When two-thirds of the males of a tribe consent, the division is to be in severalty. When the allotment is completed, the local law is to extend over the whole tribe, and serious crimes of Indian against Indian are at once placed under the local law, with the immediate right to sue in the courts. It is the first step toward securing land to the individual Indian, and admitting him to equal rights under the law. General MILES thinks that with proper care the whole Indian question could be settled within five years, and he cites the prosperity and progress of Indians in Oregon, who hold lands in severalty, and will soon be self-sustaining. This is the kind of legislation in which the whole intelligent country is interested, and we wish that the newly elected Senator CHACE, from Rhode Island, who is a faithful friend of the Indians, might have tarried in the House long enough to persuade it to fix a day for the consideration of this important measure.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF PUBLISHING.

THE publishing firm of LEA BROTHERS & CO., in Philadelphia, have issued a very neat little record of the house for a hundred years, which with just pride recounts its rise and prosperous progress. It is one of the most eminent publishing houses in the country, and was founded by MATTHEW CAREY, who was born in Dublin in 1759, the last year of GEORGE the Second's reign, and when the Protestant ascendency and the Irish penal laws were supreme. The young man, who was a printer and bookseller, was an ardent liberal, and published a *Volunteer's Journal* in 1783, which brought him into trouble. He came to this country in 1784, and in the next year, having established himself in Philadelphia, he issued a newspaper, which was singularly successful.

A man of great sagacity and energy and integrity, and a classical scholar, he devoted himself with the most intelligent fidelity to his business, added a monthly magazine to the daily paper, and began the publication of books. Among the early works upon his list were WEMYS's biographies of WASHINGTON and MARION, and JEFFERSON's *Notes on Virginia*. Mr. CAREY also reprinted the Waverley Novels as they appeared, under an arrangement with CONSTABLE, and he ventured upon a quarto Bible, both the Donay and the Authorized Version, which for some time were the only American quarto Bibles in the market. Mr. CAREY did not merge his public spirit in his private enterprise, and took an active part in public affairs, engaging in charitable movements, in the Bank agitation, in advocating protection, and in defending his native land from the aspersions of English histories.

In 1817 his distinguished son HENRY C. CAREY was associated with him in business, and four years later his son-in-law, ISAAC LEA, and in 1824 MATTHEW CAREY retired, living in the daily performance of benevolent tasks until 1839, when he was fatally injured by the overturning of his carriage. The firm of CAREY & LEA maintained the high renown of the house. Mr. HENRY C. CAREY, the greatest American authority upon protection, died a few years since, but Mr. ISAAC LEA survives in extreme age, honored and beloved. The firm name has changed from time to time, but the house has always retained its high character and its position in the trade. Its list of authors embraces many of the most distinguished in the literature of the century, and among them, besides its founder and his son, is Mr. HENRY C. LEA, whose contributions to literature are among the choicest works of American scholarship, and whose intelligent and efficient public spirit is of the utmost service to all good causes. There are few business houses in the country which can claim a longer date or a higher personal distinction of its members than that which was founded by MATTHEW CAREY.

PERSONAL.

IN one of the principal dry-goods establishments in this city a bright cash boy says that he earns four dollars a week when business is good. He works from eight o'clock in the morning until six o'clock at night, with a short intermission for luncheon, when he goes down into the basement and eats what he has brought from home in a basket. His receipts depend upon the number of times that he serves a clerk; the prompter he is in responding to a summons, and the quicker he runs between the cashier's desk and the counter, the more he makes. This plan acts also in the interest of the customer, who seldom is obliged to wait half a minute for his change. Every time the boy takes a bill to the cashier and returns with the change he is paid half a cent. In order, therefore, to earn four dollars a week he must take not less than eight hundred trips, or about one hundred and thirty a day, and thirteen every working hour. Such a life is very exhaustive to cash girls, and even the boys might find a more luxurious lot. But their ambition is constantly in a state of stimulation; the first one to reach the counter after the clerk has rapped on it with his pencil makes the half-cent.

—The lady to whom the late professor WILLIAM DARLING left his entire estate of $100,000 was confronted the other day by a Harlem milliner who claimed to be the Professor's daughter, bringing with her a large Bible with a "family record" to substantiate her claim.

—Mr. EDMUND GOSSE, while responding to a toast at a recent breakfast in his honor, said: "Some of my friends are expressing to me their sorrow that I have been unable to see the great West. I have visited your five principal sea-board cities, and to-morrow I must take my departure for home. I can not say, however, that I feel greatly disappointed, not possessing that profound affection for the cow-boy of the prairies which our English nobility so deeply affect."

—A New York man of letters confesses to his friends that the practice of smoking is the most demoralizing vice of which he is guilty. "If I have been smoking all day," he says, "I feel tired when I leave my desk to start for home—sometimes very tired. During the rare periods when I do not smoke I depart from my office at the end of the day without the sensation of weariness, and also without the headache that I so often have after burning three or four cigars. With other sedentary men the conditions may be different, but to myself no indulgence so unstrings me as habitual smoking, except the indulgence of allowing myself much less than eight hours for sleep. Yet I think it very likely that, as a distinguished physician once told me, an occasional cigar does lubricate the nerves."

—A District Messenger boy came into a gentleman's office one very cold day in answer to a summons. His nose, ears, and eyes indicated very plainly the severity of the weather. "Where's your overcoat, my lad?" asked his kind-hearted employer. "Haven't got any, sir," was his reply; "the company won't allow us to hide our uniforms." It might be suggested that there are such things in the world as uniform overcoats.

—In raising the salary of Dr. DAMROSCH from $10,000 to $12,000 the directors of the Metropolitan Opera-house have signified their approval of his very successful management. Had Mr. HENRY E. ABBEY made similar terms last season, instead of assuming the financial responsibility himself, he would have been several hundred thousand dollars richer. So, at least, his friends say. The most interesting, and, to many persons, unexpected feature of Dr. DAMROSCH's season has been the large number of Germans who are ready to pay first-class prices for opera night after night. Without their support German opera in this city would have been a failure.

—Of the late Mr. ANTHONY TROLLOPE this estimate has been promulgated by a discriminating French writer, M. DARYLL: "A good father, a good husband, a good Post-office official, a great fox-hunter, and, moreover, a man of letters, he does not leave behind him the name of a great author, but that of a man who has succeeded in the business of writing as he would have succeeded in that of a grocer; and if he has left no great work as a mark of his fame, of how many men of letters can even as much as this be said?"

—When the Tile Club recently visited Baltimore, Mr. GILL, of that city, presented Mr. W. M. CHASE, the well-known artist, with an immense gray owl. It sits now in his West Tenth Street studio in solemn and unblinking calm, and Mr. CHASE says it is not every artist who can have his own art critic upon tap.

—If Tom Thumb's widow marries again she will become the Countess Rosebud, and will make an extended bridal tour in Europe. Her first marriage, it will be remembered, took place in Grace Church in this city, under the happy auspices of Mr. BARNUM and the late Sexton BROWN. Count Rosebud is a midget, of more or less dwarfish proportions, who has been electrifying the audiences of a twenty-five-cent museum.

—Mr. RICHARDSON, of Boston, impressed Mr. GOSSE as the most national artist this country has produced: "I was very much interested in the new species of architecture which he has started. He stands revealed in Trinity Church; but all his peculiar Romanesque-Byzantine style of work already gives a character to Boston. There is a genuine antiquity about Boston. It looks serene and solid. Gazing out on the Charles River reminds one of pictures of Venice."

—JOHN G. WHITTIER on ROBERT BURNS: "There is not a logger's camp in the Maine woods nor a miner's hut in the Sierras that will forget BURNS's birthday. The great poet has made all the world his debtor; but what has he not done for Scotland? Through him her dialect has become a universal language, her heather blooms on all hills, and her thistle-down floats on all winds."

—Another lady has left a legacy to Mr. BERGH's Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The sum is about $18,000, but Mr. FREDERICK DOUGLASS will enjoy the interest on it until his death. The testator was once a teacher in Hoboken. She committed suicide in Paris last summer while suffering from a cancer.

—Mr. CARL SCHURZ was honored with a complimentary dinner by some citizens of Augusta, Georgia, on the 23d of January. He reminded his entertainers that a political independent always finds his most ardent admirers in the opposite party. He emphatically denied that there existed in the North a latent dislike for the South.

—General GRANT does his literary work without stenographer or amanuensis, but Colonel FREDERICK D. GRANT, his son, helps him by copying his MS. and by looking out references.

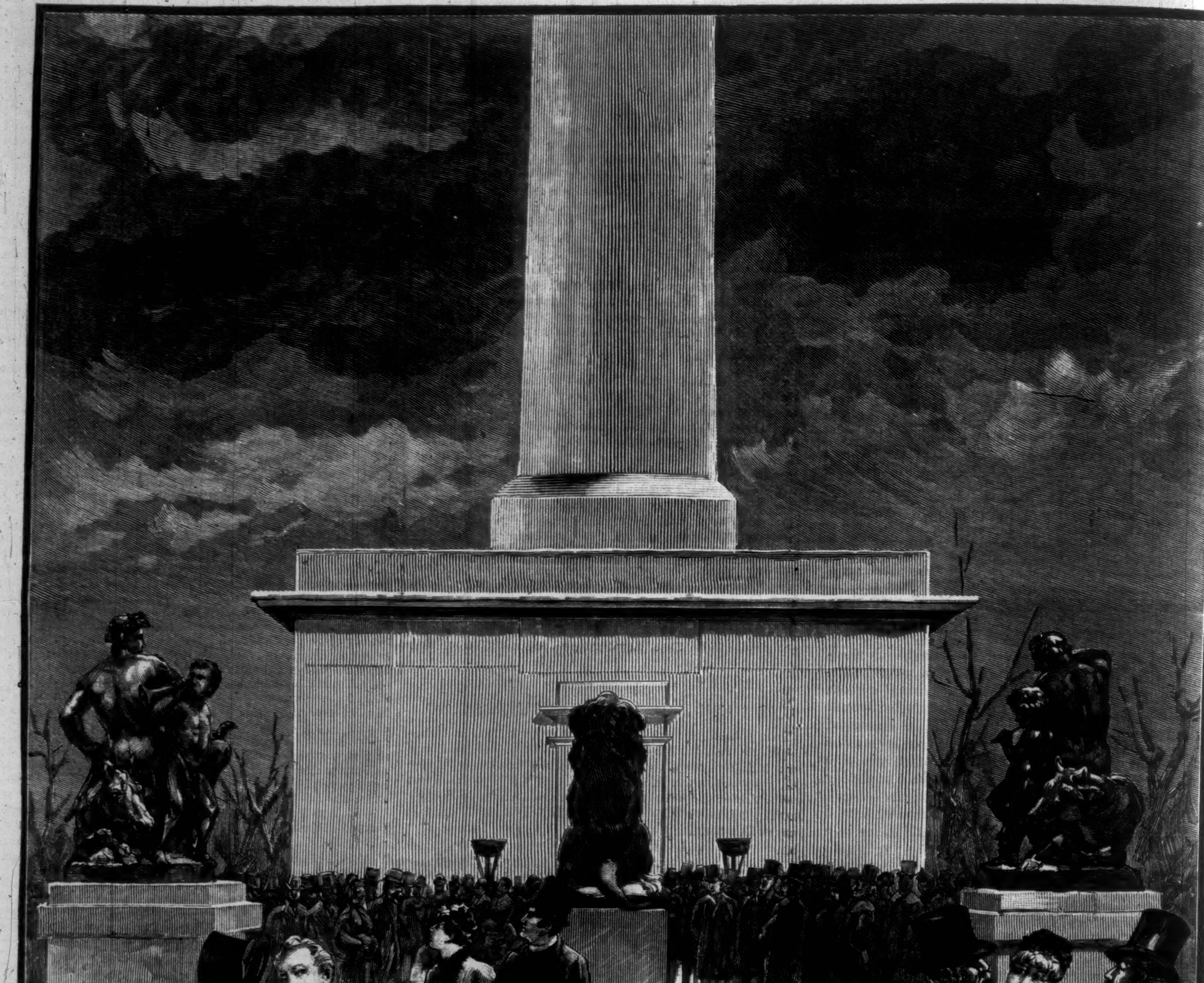
—The recent opening of the Grosvenor Gallery in London brought together a distinguished company, some of whom, according to Miss OLIVE LOGAN, had Dante Rossettian hair, strange head-gear, clinging skirts, bejewelled girdles, and twisted neckerchiefs of strange cross-breed hues.

—Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS has written a letter denying emphatically the charge that during the war he ever "weakened" on the subject of State rights.

—The death of Mr. AUGUSTUS L. BROWN, chairman of the Board of Directors of the Metropolitan Opera-house, and a retired lawyer, is a great loss to New York society. Few connoisseurs in the country had a more intelligent appreciation of music or a gentler and more winning manner of expressing it. His wife and granddaughter, to whom he was devoted, survive him.

—The American School of Classical Studies at Athens, Greece, is this year in charge of Professor J. C. BENSCHOTEN, of Wesleyan University. The purpose of the institution is to help Americans in the study of modern Greek as a means to a deeper insight into ancient Greek, also to further the cause of ancient history. A committee of Dartmouth alumni, consisting of Messrs. CHARLES R. MILLER, FRANCIS BROWN, and EDWIN W. SANBORN, is calling for subscriptions to the fund for maintaining the school.

—Mr. WILLIAM T. WALTERS has now for two years extended a special invitation to the pupils of the Art Students' League to visit his art collections at Baltimore upon the occasion of his annual reception. Mr. E. L. MAJOR, one of the pupils who went to Baltimore last year, recently carried off the prize in the HARPER-HALLGARTEN scholarship competition, and has gone to Munich to study for three years with the aid of the fund in question. Mr. WALTERS handed one of the trustees of the fund, who was present at his reception last week, a letter to Mr. MAJOR complimenting him upon his success, and asking him to make a draft upon him at sight for $500, which sum he desired to be considered as his contribution to the revenue of the HARPER-HALLGARTEN trust. Art students here and abroad, particularly in these exiguous times, will know how to appreciate this timely and liberal gift.



UNVEILING AT BALTIMORE OF THE BARYE GROUP.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 91.]

A BILL BY SENATOR EDMUNDS TO PREVENT AND PUNISH DYNAMITE CRIMES.

WASHINGTON, *January* 24, 1885.—Mr. EDMUNDS introduced a bill in the Senate to-day to prevent and punish crimes by means of explosive compounds. In introducing the bill, Mr. EDMUNDS said it was a mere draft drawn at his request by another, but, although imperfect, he submitted it in order that it might be referred to the Committee on the Judiciary for early consideration and perfection. It may, he added, raise a question between the rights of the United States and the duties of the separate States, but the committee would take the whole subject into consideration, and would, he hoped, put the bill in such a shape that so far as the United States government has power it would be able to exercise it in the direction indicated by the title of the bill.

SENATOR BAYARD'S RESOLUTION.

SENATOR BAYARD has submitted the following resolution in the Senate:

Resolved, That the Senate of the United States has heard with indignation and profound sorrow of the attempts to destroy the Houses of Parliament and other public buildings in London, and hereby expresses its horror and detestation of such monstrous crimes against civilization.

BRUTAL OUTRAGES WILL *NOT* FREE IRELAND.

"So far as Americans are concerned, this Dynamite Business shall be brought to a speedy end."—*New York Herald.*

SECTION OF A CALIFORNIA BIG TREE AT THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION.—FROM SKETCHES BY JOHN DURKIN.—[SEE PAGE 87.]

ADRIAN VIDAL.*

By W. E. NORRIS,

Author of "Matrimony," "Mdlle. de Mersac," "Thirlby Hall," etc.

CHAPTER IX.—(*Continued.*)

THE REWARD OF SELF-DENIAL.

Presently the carriage came round to the door, and a dispute arose as to the distribution of the party, from which also Vidal held aloof. Let them settle it among themselves, and put him where they pleased. Upon the whole, he would rather prefer not to be in the same carriage as Miss Irvine. Nevertheless, he was not sorry when Mr. and Mrs. Irvine, Heriot, and Charley got into the landau and were driven away, followed by a small wagonette containing the younger boys and the luncheon. The only remaining vehicle belonging to the establishment was, as he knew, Jack's dog-cart, which it was evident that Clare, Bob, and himself were to share with its owner.

"I hope you don't mind the back seat, Vidal," said Jack. "Of course, you are very welcome to drive, though, if you'd rather."

"Thanks," answered Vidal, laughing; "but I have made it a rule through life never to drive another man's horses in his presence, and the back seat will do me very well." He was foolish enough to feel a thrill of pleasure at the prospect of passing his last few hours of comparative happiness in such close proximity to the object of his hopeless passion.

The dog-cart was some time in making its appearance, and Jack began at length to grow fidgety. "Bob said he would put the mare in," he remarked; "but I don't believe he has the slightest idea of how to set about it, and there's nobody to help him. Perhaps I had better go and see what he is doing."

However, at this moment Bob, beaming with satisfaction and flourishing his whip, pulled up at the door with a dash. "Now you needn't look at the gear in that suspicious way," he said, "because it's all right. Do you suppose I never harnessed a horse before in my life?"

"Well, you've done better than I expected," Jack confessed, after making a few alterations and helping his sister into her place. "Now, then, Bob, give me the reins, and jump down."

"Jump down, indeed!" returned Bob, loftily. "Not exactly! No, my dear boy; you jump up. You are going to have the honor and pleasure of being piloted by me to-day."

"Nonsense, Bob; don't play the fool!" said Jack, with some impatience. "We've got a long drive before us, and I don't want to waste time. Come, hand over the reins!"

"*Beati possidentes*," replied the other, placidly, without moving. "You won't turn me out without a fight for it, I can tell you."

A fight would undoubtedly have ensued then and there if Clare had not intervened. "Let him drive for once, Jack," she pleaded. "He won't be with us much longer, you know, and he will promise to be very careful—won't you, Bob?"

"I am always careful," Bob affirmed, "but to-day I shall surpass myself. And look here, Jack; if I damage the beast, I'll buy you another as soon as ever I can save up enough money. There! I can't say fairer than that."

"And how about our funeral expenses?" inquired Jack. But as he was a very good-natured young man, he made no further objections, and scrambled up beside Vidal, to whom he remarked, with a sigh: "If I had only foreseen this, I should have insisted upon your driving. But it is just wildly possible that we may pull through without a smash."

This was very consolatory. Vidal, remembering that a life far more precious than his own was being placed in jeopardy, inwardly commended the adventurous Bob to the devil; but it was hardly his part to enter a demurrer, so he smiled, and held his peace.

They were driven at a quiet pace down the park, though on turning out of the gates the trap gave a lurch which caused Jack to draw in his breath sharply. "For the love of Heaven, man," he exclaimed, "don't take your corners like that! Try to recollect that we're on two wheels, not four."

"You're only fit to be trundled about upon one," retorted the other. "A wheelbarrow is the conveyance for you. Never saw such a nervous chap as you are in my life."

And with that he gave the mare a cut with the whip which made her throw herself into her collar and accomplish the next quarter of a mile at a speed that called forth some subdued remonstrance from Clare. Then, more by good luck than good guidance, they passed a couple of carts without a collision, and turned off the high-road into a narrow lane.

"Now," said Bob, exultantly, "I'll show you the short-cuts."

Jack groaned. "It's no use protesting," he said to Vidal. "Sit tight, and let us pray that we may be upset in a soft place."

"Or that we may not be upset at all," suggested Vidal.

"Oh, that's past praying for. And, by George! here's a flock of sheep. Now he'll run us up that bank; I know he will."

The prophecy was hardly uttered before it was fulfilled. The dog-cart swayed, balanced itself for a moment on the off wheel, and then turned over with a crash, sending its occupants flying into the opposite ditch. Fortunately the fall was so gradual that nothing about them suffered except their clothes and their dignity. Vidal, after standing on his head for a minute, struggled into an attitude more convenient for making observations, and found that his companions were already erect. Clare was replacing her hat, which had fallen off; the two young men were standing over the ruins of the cart; and up a distant hill the mare, who had kicked herself free, could be seen galloping, with the broken shafts dangling at her sides.

"This," remarked Jack, sadly, "comes of letting a sailor drive."

Bob tilted his hat over his eyes, scratched his head, and looked crest-fallen. "I'm awfully sorry," he said; "but it was the sort of thing that might have happened to anybody. I don't suppose I should have done it if you hadn't flurried me so; but I saw we were going to foul the bank, and I believe I made a mistake, and took a haul at the port rein instead of the starboard. I'll pay for the damage," he added, ruefully.

"Wait till you know what it is," returned Jack. "I shouldn't wonder if the mare were to kill herself."

Happily, however, this apprehension proved to be unfounded; for Bob had not yet started in pursuit when a laborer appeared leading the runaway animal. He had caught her, as he affirmed, at the risk of his life, and demanded adequate remuneration.

"And now," said Jack, when this business-like person had been dismissed, "the question is, what are we to do?"

"I know what *I* am going to do," answered Clare, laughing; "I am going to make the best of my way home."

"But we must manage to let the others know what has become of us somehow, or they'll think we've broken our necks. Bob, the least you can do is to follow them and tell them of your success. I suppose you can hire a trap of some kind in Polruth—and somebody to drive it for you. What will you do, Vidal? It's a pity you should miss seeing Tintagel."

But Vidal answered, with perfect truth, that he didn't care very much about Tintagel, and Bob scouted the idea of returning to Polruth and searching about for a conveyance. "I'll foot it," he said. "I can cut across country, and I shall catch them up before they have gone half the distance."

And without more ado he set off at a slinging trot, being perhaps not unwilling to testify in some measure to his penitence.

CHAPTER X.

A SUMMER AFTERNOON.

Thus it came to pass that circumstances for which he was in no wise responsible placed a conscientious man in a quandary. Jack, who had to see about getting the wreck of his dog-cart transported to Cardrew, evidently took it for granted that Vidal would walk home with his sister; and, indeed, no other arrangement seemed possible. Yet Vidal could not but perceive that such a proceeding would be fraught with the gravest peril. What he feared just now was not so much that the betrayal of his passion in words might call forth some response, as that the faint hopes which he still cherished might be crushed out of him by a point-blank refusal. Indeed, he felt convinced that this calamity must inevitably befall him if he spoke, and yet he knew himself well enough to be aware that to spend the remainder of the day with Clare and to hold his peace would be a task so difficult as to be well-nigh impossible. Recognizing, therefore, the dangers that threatened him, he wisely determined to see her as far as the lodge, and there bid her farewell. The necessity of packing up for an early start the next day would give him a sufficient excuse for returning to his lodgings.

But Vidal, like the rest of the world, was a better hand at forming resolutions than at carrying them into effect, and when Clare and he had reached the entrance to Cardrew he had not yet so much as announced his impending departure. Up to this point the walk had not been exactly an enjoyable one. There had been an uncomfortable feeling of restraint on both sides which had made the way seem long; yet, although the young people had kept up conversation with some difficulty, and had said nothing that was not absolutely flat and commonplace, they had been exchanging thoughts through some more subtle medium than that of speech, and Vidal was no longer able to take a dispassionate view of the situation. He understood that Clare had been asking him the whole time what was the matter with him, and he had answered, "The matter is that I adore you, and that I must not say so." Now while he held the gate open for her to pass through, she said, after a momentary hesitation: "Will you not come up to the house? Jack will be back soon, and we can give you a luncheon of some sort." And Vidal, feeling that all strength of purpose had gone out of him, let the gate swing back, murmuring, rather foolishly, "Oh, thanks—if I sha'n't be in the way."

Every now and then—not often, of course, still, every now and then—it happens to most of us to make up our minds that we will do the things that we ought not to do; and on those rare and delightful occasions such of us as are wise at once kick conscience overboard. For if one can not do wrong without suffering from pangs of remorse the whole time, it is surely better to stick to the dull path of duty, and preserve at least one's self-respect. A certain merry cardinal, now no more, once found himself at a great dinner in Rome during Lent. There was fish for him, and there were vegetables, and of both these he partook freely, getting what comfort he could out of them, and maintaining a cheerful countenance. But when a haunch of venison made its appearance, his brow became clouded with care, for his soul, like the soul of Isaac, loved venison, and he could not bring himself either to let the dish pass or to indulge his appetite. If he had only neglected the fish he might have stretched a point, and allowed himself a little meat for his stomach's sake; but to eat both fish and flesh at one and the same meal was what no ecclesiastic could do without falling into sin. For some moments the conflict which was raging within him was visible by outward signs to his neighbors; then, breaking into a jolly laugh, "*Basta!*" he exclaimed, "*mi confessero!*" So he swallowed the venison, and enjoyed it, and, let us hope, duly performed penance the next day. Vidal had this in common with his Eminence, that he neither deceived himself nor repented at the wrong moment. As soon as he had yielded to temptation his heart grew lighter, and he thought, "Well, since this is to be my last day with her, it shall be as happy a one as I can make it." He let himself go; he began to talk, without first thinking of every word that he said; and Clare's spirits also seemed to rise in sympathy with his, so that before long the cloud which had arisen between them of late was all but dispelled.

In due course they discovered that they were hungry, and then they had luncheon together in the dining-room, which seemed strangely silent and empty with only two people seated at the long table. One of them, at all events, desired no addition to their number, and longed only for time to stand still.

"Do you know, I am very glad you let Bob drive," he could not help saying; and Clare did not ask him why he was glad, but only laughed, and blushed ever so slightly.

They had finished their meal before Jack came in, apologizing quite needlessly for having been so long, and explaining that he had had a great deal of trouble in finding somebody to bring the cart home. When he had stayed a vigorous appetite, he proposed a cigar and a game of billiards to his guest, who replied that he didn't want to smoke, and that it would be a sin to stay in-doors on such a fine afternoon.

"We might have a knock up at lawn tennis, then," suggested the innocent Jack.

"All right, if you like," answered Vidal. "But don't you think it's too hot to run about?"

"Well, we can't lie on our backs in the garden till dinner-time," remonstrated the other.

"Oh, I don't know," said Vidal: "I think I could. What shall you do, Miss Irvine?"

Clare replied that she meant to sit out in the shade somewhere; and then, to Vidal's great relief, Jack said: "Well, if you don't mind, I think I'll just stroll down to Polruth and see if I can't find out something about the otter-hounds. I heard they were to meet near this next week, and I should like to show you an otter hunt, Vidal, if you've never seen one."

In this way Vidal's destiny led him into pleasant places. Sitting on a bench in the shade, with the object of his adoration beside him, with the slumberous murmur of insects in his ears, and with all the sunny landscape stretched out before him till it dropped abruptly to meet the blue Atlantic far beneath, he surrendered himself to the bliss of the passing moments, and began to realize what is so seldom realized by mortals, the delight of living in the present. Only to watch Clare, to listen to her, to meet her eyes every now and again, was enough, and he almost forgot that a morrow was coming which would find him journeying toward London and duty. At any rate, if some suppressed consciousness of this sad fact was in his mind, he would not suffer any hint of it to pass his lips, thinking, very sensibly, that it would be time enough to say what must be said when the others returned from Tintagel.

But, considering the condition of mind that he was in, this and all other matters that he might desire to conceal were evidently at the mercy of hazard. His colloquy with Clare was not continuous, but was broken by irregular intervals of silence more dangerous than speech. During one of these Vidal glanced at his neighbor, whose hands were lying idly in her lap, and who was, to all appearance, plunged in profound meditation. She remained so long without stirring that at last he could not refrain from asking, softly, "What are you thinking about, Miss Irvine?"

She started, smiled, and made the reply which is usually made to that absurd question—"Oh, about nothing particular."

If she had answered quite truthfully, she would have had to say, "About you," but not being disposed to submit to further cross-examination, she uttered the meaningless phrase above recorded, and, by way of changing the subject, followed it up with a question on her own score: "Are you writing another book?"

"Oh yes," answered Vidal; "that is my trade, you know." He had wondered more than once why, during the whole time that he had been in Cornwall, Clare had never said a word to him about his literary pursuits; but, to be sure, he had given her little opportunity for doing so.

There was another short pause before she resumed: "Is it to be like the last?"

"I hope not," answered Vidal, with a laugh. "The last didn't give universal satisfaction, as I dare say you are aware."

"Didn't it?" said Clare; and then, rather hesitatingly, "Do you mind my saying that I didn't like it very much?"

"I don't mind in the least," replied Vidal, who, however, minded a good deal. "No one knows better than I do that it was a dull book."

"Oh, it was not that. It was extremely clever, I thought—only, of course, I am no judge. But—but is it quite *true?* Do you think people are really as bad as you make them out?"

"I should say they were—quite," answered Vidal. "The fact is that I didn't know I had painted humanity at all particularly black."

"You painted London society very black, at all events. And there were no nice people in the book—at least, no nice women."

"I thought some of them were rather nice in their way," said Vidal.

In truth, he had tried to make them so; but as he had drawn most of his characters from real life, and had not, perhaps, penetrated much beneath the surface of their real lives, their defects had been rendered more prominent than their virtues.

"You seem to have no belief in women," pursued Clare. "You seem to think that they are all deceitful and vain and greedy, and that the things which they covet most in the world are plenty of money and plenty of admirers. I don't think that is the truth."

"Oh, but indeed," cried the young man, eagerly, "you are doing me a great injustice, or I must have expressed myself very badly, if you think that is what I meant. I was writing about a particular class, and I never thought of passing such a sweeping censure even upon that class. I took what I believed to be types of it; that was all."

"And is your heroine a type of it?"

"Which do you call the heroine?"

"I supposed she was the heroine; at all events, there is more about her in the book than about anybody else. I mean the wretch who is in love with the hero, and who refuses to leave her husband, whom she hates, because she can't bear to lose her money and her position."

Vidal felt a little uncomfortable. He remembered certain passages in his book which he would just as soon that Miss Irvine should not have read, and he understood that what appeared to him to be a temperate enough picture of modern society might easily strike her as an abominable libel. "I am afraid such people do exist," he said at length.

"Perhaps they do. There is Lady St. Austell, for instance, and I have heard of others. But surely they can't be so numerous as to be typical." She paused for a moment, and then gave utterance to the phrase which has made domestic criticism so appalling to many a writer. "You say fashionable women are like that," she remarked, "but how do you know they are?"

Now Vidal's past career, if not absolutely immaculate, would have borne looking into quite as well as that of the generality of young men who have lived in the world, but he was not prepared to tell Miss Irvine the exact means by which he had arrived at his knowledge of a certain variety of feminine character. So he answered: "Oh, well, a good deal of it is hearsay, of course. One must be guided in some degree by hearsay."

The effect of this admission was eminently satisfactory. "I should not have thought that hearsay was a very safe guide," Clare rejoined; but it was plain that the writer's chief offense in her eyes had now been removed. By-and-by she added, "You will think me very presumptuous for saying all this, but I have wanted for such a long time to ask you whether you really meant what I fancied you did, and I am so glad that you don't."

"One writes of what one sees and hears," Vidal said. "Perhaps I have had rather too much of the atmosphere of London. If I had been near you—I mean, if I had been living at Polruth when I wrote that book, it would have been a very different production."

"And the next one will have been partly written at Polruth, will it not? I hope, from your saying that, that you find the atmosphere of Cornwall inspiring, and that you won't be in a hurry to leave it."

"I *must* leave it," returned the young man, abruptly. "I am going away to-morrow."

What made him come out with this blunt statement, and add no single word of explanation to it, he hardly knew, but it may be that he was not wholly innocent of a dramatic intention. He was looking down when he spoke, but presently he stole a glance out of the corner of his eye, and saw that Clare appeared not only startled, but displeased.

"We shall all be very sorry to lose you," she said, rather coldly; "but it is natural that you should be bored here."

"Bored!" exclaimed Vidal. "But you can't think that. I have never been so happy in my life as during these last three weeks — yes, in spite of everything, I have never been so happy; and perhaps I shall never be so happy again. I would give ten of the years that I may still have before me to stay another month at Polruth—if I dared."

"If you dared?" repeated Clare, with raised eyebrows.

"Yes—if I dared. Don't you understand? I *know* you understand. I have been here too long, as it is. Heriot said I ought never to have come, and perhaps he was right. I didn't mean to tell you this; but you'll forgive it, I hope, now that I am going away so soon."

"Why must you go?" asked Clare, in a low voice.

He broke into a short laugh. "Why? Because I have only six hundred a year in the world, and because if I had six thousand you wouldn't care for me."

Clare made no answer, but she looked at him, and her eyes spoke a language which could not be misinterpreted.

Lector dilectissime, you have been young; possibly you are young still. It may be that you are yet conjugating the verb *amare* in the present tense, indicative mood, active and passive voices, whereas some of us have long since got on to the past tenses, and even to the conjunctive moods of these. But to whichever category you may belong, you must be aware that there are circumstances under which prudence ceases to be either possible or desirable, and you will therefore readily understand how it came to pass that Jack Irvine, sauntering homeward from the village, became aware of two figures seated in the garden above him, and was presently astounded to see them draw closer together and lose distinctness of outline in a close embrace. Jack was a young man who possessed some clearness of mental as well as of physical vision, and his comments upon what he had witnessed were brief and to the purpose.

"By George!" he exclaimed aloud, after a protracted whistle; "there'll be a row in the house

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1463.

this journey, and no mistake! I don't believe the fellow has got enough to keep himself; and who the deuce was to suspect what he was after all this time? Why, he has hardly spoken a dozen words to her since he has been down here! Pretty bad form, I must say, keeping things dark like that."

Then, as he did not wish to play the spy any longer, he turned away and marched off in the opposite direction, with his hands in his pockets, meditating mournfully.

CHAPTER XI.

DREAMS.

Possibly Jack Irvine, whose notion of a desirable brother-in-law was that such a person should be the owner, at the very least, of a country house and good shooting, may have been overready to assume that the requirements of his parents must necessarily be the same as his own, and that they would at once refuse to listen to any suitor in Vidal's circumstances. Be that as it may, the "row" which he had foretold never came off. Poor Mrs. Irvine could not pretend to be very much pleased when Clare followed her into her bedroom that night, and there made confession of what had occurred during the afternoon; but she neither reproached her daughter nor forbade the engagement. She had always been too kind-hearted to cherish schemes which were not compatible with the happiness of others, and although a son-in-law who, like Mr. Wilbraham, possessed money and lands, as well as influence in high quarters, would naturally have been more to her taste, it was not in her to reject Vidal merely on account of his poverty. So she only sighed, and said: "I think he might have spoken to your father first. It would have shown better feeling if he had."

"But he did not mean to speak to anybody," Clare urged. "He meant to go away to-morrow morning without saying a word; and I suppose he would have gone, and there never would have been any explanation at all, but for that fortunate accident. I shall always feel grateful to Bob for upsetting us out of the dog-cart."

"He must never be allowed to do such a thing again!" cried Mrs. Irvine, quickly, as though a repetition of the catastrophe might be expected to bring about a second improvident marriage. "How Jack ever trusted him with the reins, I can not understand. But it is all very surprising to me. Oh, I don't mean to say a word against Mr. Vidal. I liked him from the first, and he is certainly very handsome and clever; only somehow he is not at all the sort of man whom I should have expected you to choose. And it *is* a pity that he should be so badly off, isn't it?"

"Yes, I suppose so," assented Clare; "but that is no fault of his; and, you know, we shall not be married for ever so long—not until he is making more money." Then she put her arms round her mother's neck and kissed her. "I am sorry, mamma," she whispered. "I know it is a disappointment, and you are very good about it. I did try to accept Mr. Wilbraham, and I thought perhaps I should be able to do it, until—until that time at Lucerne. Then I knew that it was not possible."

"At Lucerne!" ejaculated Mrs. Irvine. "Do you mean to say that it began so long ago as that? Well, in a sort of way, that is a relief, for I don't feel now as if I had been so much to blame in persuading him to come down here. Now, my dear child, you need not pull my cap off, because I really am quite fond of Mr. Vidal, and from what you tell me, I have no doubt that he tried to do what was right—only these things will happen, in spite of all precautions. I will talk to your father about it, and we shall see what he says. I can't promise that he will give his consent, you know."

But Clare knew very well that Mr. Irvine's consent was precisely what her mother could safely answer for at all times, and she had no fears as to the result of a formal appeal to the head of the family. It seemed almost unfair to take advantage of such simplicity; and, indeed, this was very much the feeling that Vidal had when he was summoned to the old gentleman's study the next morning, and was received as affectionately as if he had been a millionaire.

"I am sure that you will make Clare happy," Mr. Irvine was kind enough to say; "and my wife tells me that you are sincerely attached to one another. That is the essential thing—no doubt that is the essential thing."

"I think it is," Vidal said. "But," he added, with a smile, "I am afraid most fathers would consider it only one of the essentials, and I wanted to say, Mr. Irvine—I hope you understand—that I intended to keep silence until I had a rather larger income to offer. It wouldn't be true to say that I regret having spoken, but I do feel that I ought to be scolded. You are all much too kind and generous."

"Oh, you mean about the money?" Mr. Irvine said, rather vaguely. "Yes; Mrs. Irvine was telling me. Six hundred a year—it isn't much, certainly. I suppose one couldn't live upon six hundred a year, could one?"

The question was so evidently asked in perfect good faith that Vidal laughed outright. "I believe people do live upon even less than that," he replied; "but a very small income entails sacrifices which perhaps you would hardly like your daughter to put up with. I hope to be better off before long, and even now I make from about a hundred to a hundred and fifty more than the fixed sum that I have named. Still, it would unquestionably be more prudent for us to wait awhile before thinking of marriage."

Then he laughed again, for he could not help being a little tickled by the whimsicality of his preaching prudence to his prospective father-in-law.

Mr. Irvine remained grave, and rubbed his head with an air of perplexity. "The question of money," he observed, confidentially, "is always a troublesome one. I used to think that I was pretty well off, but nowadays, what with education and allowances and one thing and another, there are so many payments that I am apt to forget how I stand, at least until I get my pass-book from the bank. But certainly we ought to help. Oh yes, we shall be able to help to some extent, and although it may not be as much as we could wish—" He broke off, and then asked, almost apologetically, "Upon how little, now, do you think it could be done?"

Vidal hesitated; and indeed the question was not a very easy one to answer.

"Well," resumed Mr. Irvine, "I suppose a thousand a year would be the least. As you say, people do, no doubt, marry upon less, but we should not like to think of Clare being in difficulties. Let me see; six and four make ten—four hundred—h'm!" He pinched his lower lip between his finger and thumb, and looked up with an appealing expression of helplessness. "Well, I'm sure I don't know," he said. "Possibly some means might be devised. But perhaps"—suddenly brightening up—"perhaps you had better consult Mrs. Irvine."

All this was by no means what Vidal had anticipated, and it affected him with a mixture of gratitude and compunction. Who would ever have supposed that there were such disinterested people in the world? He felt almost inclined to say, "But, my dear good sir, you don't know the rules of the game. It is only when your daughter marries a rich man that you are required to make handsome settlements. If she takes a fancy to a pauper, your course is to point out that you can't afford to allow her anything, and then the match is broken off. You will be behaving very magnanimously by merely giving a conditional assent to our engagement."

He did not make this speech at the time, but he did afterward say something of the kind to Mrs. Irvine, who laughed at him. Did he flatter himself, she asked, that it was for love of him that they wished to make their daughter comfortable? And if they could spare a few hundreds a year (it would not be four hundred, she was afraid, but it might be three, and surely the harvest of Mr. Vidal's pen would suffice to make up the deficiency)—if they could spare this money, how could it be better spent than in averting the ordeal of a long engagement?

"I abhor long engagements," the good lady went on. "For the man it is all very well, because being engaged doesn't interfere with any of his amusements; but the poor girl is in a wretched position. Young men fight shy of her, and the other girls generally laugh at her in their sleeves, and declare that it will never come to anything. And most frequently it does *not* come to anything, as I could prove to you by many instances in my own experience. But now what I was thinking was this. In London a thousand a year doesn't go far. You would be just able to keep your heads above-water, no doubt, and you would have enough to eat and drink; but you couldn't attempt to go into society, and that makes life so dull for young people. But supposing that you were to take a house down here in Cornwall—and I know of several within reach that might do: there is the house that old Mrs. Tregenna used to live in, near St. Ives, for instance, and plenty of others—well, then, you see, you could live quite cheaply, and you would be able to keep a conveyance of some kind, and you could go about and see your friends. And the quiet of the country, too—such a boon to a literary man! Then as to the furnishing, that could be managed at a very small cost. We should take our time about it; we should attend sales; and Mr. Irvine would be of the greatest use to you in picking up unexpected bargains, for he knows every curiosity dealer in the west of England, not to mention that he has endless oak chests and chairs and things stowed away in an outhouse, because we haven't a corner to put them in. I really do believe that, with a little time and trouble, we could furnish your house almost for nothing."

It will be seen that Mrs. Irvine's first feeling of chagrin had quite disappeared, and that she was looking forward to her daughter's marriage with that delight which an opportunity of arranging other people's affairs for them always afforded her. "What do you think?" she concluded, anxiously.

"I think you are the kindest people I ever met or heard of," answered the young man. "Of course there is no necessity for our living in London, and I am sure you are right about the money going further here than there. My only doubt is whether I should be at all justified in accepting so much from you."

"But it is Clare who accepts it, not you; and when you are rich, as I am sure you will be, after you have written another book or two, she need not take it any longer. Didn't I hear of somebody who had been paid five thousand pounds for a novel? And a novel could not take much more than a year to write, I suppose; so there is five thousand a year at once."

Perhaps it was hardly worth while to dispute the trustworthiness of this off-hand calculation; and indeed Mrs. Irvine (who had never read a syllable of Vidal's writings) had by this time quite convinced herself that the mantle of Dickens, or Thackeray, or George Eliot—it did not much matter which—had fallen upon the shoulders of her future son-in-law.

So it came to be an understood thing that Vidal and Clare, instead of waiting for an indefinite period, were to be married in the autumn, and this arrangement was fortunate enough to meet with an approval which was practically unanimous. Jack, while regretting that his sister should not have done better for herself and her family, admitted that, if she must needs wed a poor man, she couldn't have chosen a better fellow, adding, as the result of his observation, that when you had made up your mind to marry any particular person, you had best look sharp about it.

But Jack, to be sure, had not been consulted about the matter. Heriot, who had, was less accommodating. "Long engagements may be open to all the objections that you urge," was his reply to Mrs. Irvine's representations; "but I can not see that there is any need for hurry in the present instance. Just now they are ready to consent to anything, and no doubt this part of the world strikes them as being a sort of Garden of Eden; but it is probable that one of them will think differently before very long, and then it might come to pass that you would regret having been so precipitate. Delightful as Cornwall is, it is not exactly the place of residence for a man who proposes to make his living by studies of modern life and character. Besides, they are both young, and they have known each other only a very short time. I really don't think that waiting a year or so would do either of them much harm."

"It seems to me that you want the engagement to be broken off," cried Mrs. Irvine, irritably, for what she had applied for was approval, not advice.

"Adrian Vidal is about the most intimate friend I have in the world," answered Heriot; "and I hope you know how I feel toward all of you. I have no more sincere wish than that both Clare and he should be happy."

This somewhat ambiguous response satisfied Mrs. Irvine, who returned, in a tone calculated to silence further opposition, "Then let them be happy in their own way."

For the time being, at all events, their happiness was complete. Their movements and their meetings were free from restriction of any kind, and, except in the shape of some derisive raillery on the part of the boys, they incurred no penalty for withdrawing themselves from the daily amusements of those about them. Whether, in the course of their protracted rambles, they learned to know one another better, may be doubted, since they both were under the glamour of love, but their mutual admiration increased, which was perhaps a more desirable thing. As for Vidal, he could hardly believe in his good fortune, and told Clare as much one day.

"It seems too good to be true," he said. "To think of it! Only a few days ago I was keeping myself alive upon a vestige—a mere vestige—of hope; just a little peradventure which I wouldn't allow common-sense to rob me of, though it tried hard. And now—it is like a dream."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BIG TREES.

The biggest trees in the world come from California. Other places make their boasts. At the foot of Mount Vesuvius there stands a chestnut with a cleft in it so big that a team can drive through; but compared with some of the big trees in California this chestnut is undersized, not to say a pigmy. The natives of California use hyperbole to convey an idea of the size of their trees. Thus they say of a giant of the forest that it took a man and two boys to see the top of it; the boys began to look where the man left off. The idea is more straightforward than that of the Vermont farmer who declared that he had a pumpkin so large that eight men could stand around it. The tree of which we give an illustration was eighteen feet in diameter. The largest tree ever grown in the valley of the Yosemite is variously said to have had a diameter of thirty-six feet, and to have offered a surface broad enough, when cut across, to easily admit of the turning of a four-horse Sanderson coach upon it. The lumber obtained from these trees, on account of its exceedingly close grain, is regarded as invaluable for the timbering up of tunnels, being impervious to moisture, and it was used exclusively in the building of the great Alpine tunnel on the South Park branch of the Union Pacific Railroad, notwithstanding the excessive cost of transporting this particularly heavy wood for a distance of more than one thousand miles. Its imperviousness to moisture makes the redwood of California exceedingly valuable also as shingling material, and redwood shingles are rapidly supplanting slate and tin in the roofing of the houses of to-day.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The art which some critics have of summing up the characteristics of a nation with authority and easily—while standing, as it were, on one leg—must have impressed a great many readers. Some of the English observations upon Americans have changed a good deal since Martin Chuzzlewit was with us, and the *St. James's Gazette* says that "the impression that Americans are melancholy is a widely spread mistake." This is civil, but it is no more worth saying than it would be to declare that it is a mistake to suppose that all Americans are madly hilarious, or that it is wrong to think that all persons in this country are addicted to standing on their heads. The traits of Americans vary according to persons, just as the traits of other peoples do. There are a great many Americans who would not be taken for Henry Bergh, and a great many more who do not look like the late George Fox. Any American is apt to weep if he gets pepper or dust in his eye, and to laugh if he sees a Chinaman's hat blow off, at the busy hour of six, in the middle of Chatham Square.

The first of the popular libraries in Paris was founded in 1862, and now there are forty, which contain altogether 100,247 volumes. Last year 60,000 volumes were lent out, and it is estimated that each volume found five readers. Three-fifths of the books lent were novels. In the last year the demand for musical works increased sixty-eight per cent., for books of history, forty-three per cent., and for novels, thirty-eight per cent.

An ideal insurance risk—pig-iron in a vacant lot.

A critic recently reported that Hamlet, at the time of Shakespeare's concern with him, was twenty years of age. The report travelled all about, but nobody took particular notice of it until it reached Atchison, Kansas, when the lie was nailed. A gentleman of that town did it in a letter to the Kansas City *Times*, in which he quotes from the First Clown: "Here's a skull, now, hath lain you i' the earth three-and-twenty years..... This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester." As Hamlet goes on to say that he knew Yorick, and to recall his "infinite jest" and his "most excellent fancy," it follows that the melancholy Dane must have been old enough to have possessed considerable powers of observation upward of twenty-three years previously. Of course it may be that Shakespeare was wrong, and has led the Atchison gentleman into an error.

Two tongues are growing in the mouth of a little girl in Cleveland, and paragraphers all about are saying how different she will be when she becomes a woman from the perfect wife that could not talk that occurred to the foolish vision of Rip Van Winkle.

Two thousand horned toads were shipped to China last season by a Celestial sojourning in California. They will be made up in China into various kinds of expensive medicine—such of them, that is, as are not preserved in sugar as a table delicacy. The bigger ones go to the gourmet in the Flowery Kingdom, and the others to the Mongolian apothecary.

The name of the Mammoth Cave appears like an old and long-absent friend to the reader of current print. Travellers to and from the New Orleans Exposition over the Louisville and Nashville Railway can visit the cave for an additional cost of about ten dollars. The nearest station is ten miles away, and the sum named includes the price of the intervening travel and of a sojourn long enough for a moderately extensive exploration of the cave.

In the Italian Alps villages have been overwhelmed and hundreds of persons have been smothered to death this winter by the snow. In Oregon the railroad has become only as a memory. In northern New Hampshire the lumbermen are selling their teams and discharging their men because there is not snow enough to slide the logs upon. It is not easy to content a world.

Some people say that roller-skating is dangerous, and nearly everybody doubts the absolute safety of the game of foot-ball. Out in Kansas City, where they like excitement, they are playing foot-ball on roller skates.

A citizen of the green and lawful town of Rutland, in Vermont, writes to the newspaper there: "Having had occasion last Sabbath evening to call at the church for my daughter, I was surprised at what I saw. If I had been in any city of the United States I should have thought I was at the main entrance of some high-toned dance-house or beer-garden. Congregated about the entrance of the church were ten young men, judging from their looks from eighteen to twenty-one years of age, smoking, using vulgar language, opening and peeping into the church windows and slamming the doors, and otherwise disturbing the people who had gathered for the worship of God. These outlaws should be arrested and punished according to law. Good clothing or rich parents should not protect them." It is said that since this letter was printed the young men have waited for the girls more quietly.

Ohio has 35 colleges—more than any State in the Union. New York and Indiana have 28 each, Pennsylvania has 26, and Massachusetts 7. But the Massachusetts colleges have an income from productive funds of $291,812, receipts from tuition of $166,538, and libraries containing 303,126 volumes; whereas in Ohio the aggregate income from productive funds is $210,510, and from tuition fees $125,382, while there are only 161,302 volumes in the libraries. Michigan, with 9 colleges, has better provision for their support than Ohio has for hers. The colleges of New York and Pennsylvania are far better endowed.

AN OLD SLIPPER FOUND IN CENTRAL PARK.

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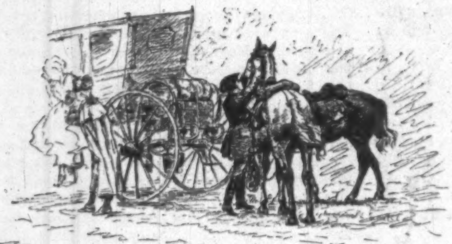
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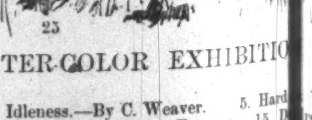
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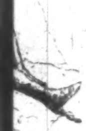
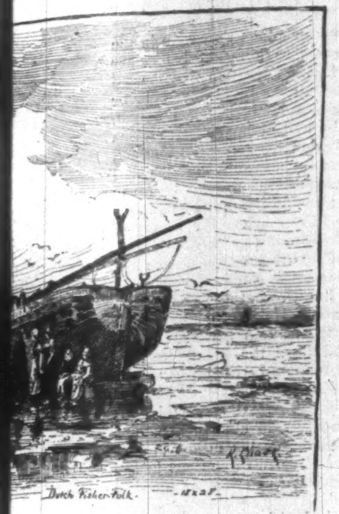
THE WATER-COLOR EXHIBITIO

1. A Foggy Day.—By George Wharton Edwards. 2. Van Corlear, New Amsterdam's Trumpeter.—By Thule de Thulstrup. 3. Indian Summer.—By O. Herford. 4. Idleness.—By C. Weaver. 5. Hard
10. Dutch Fisher-folk.—By Harry Chase. 11. The Sick Child.—By H. Kever. 12. "Chickie-Chick."—By Virgilio Tojetti. 13. Still Life.—By Rudolph Bunner. 14. Scattered Leaves.—By C. Harry Eaton. 15. D
20. The New England Coast.—By George H. Smillie. 21. Pending Orders.—By Rufus Fairchild Zogbaum. 22. Rye and Sorrel.—By Harry Fenn. 23. Day Slowly Declining.—By A. M. Turner. 24. Wild White





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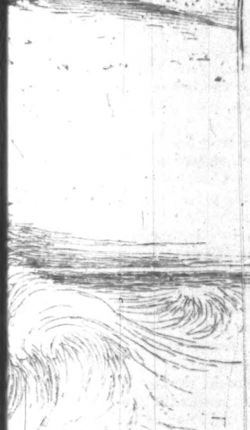

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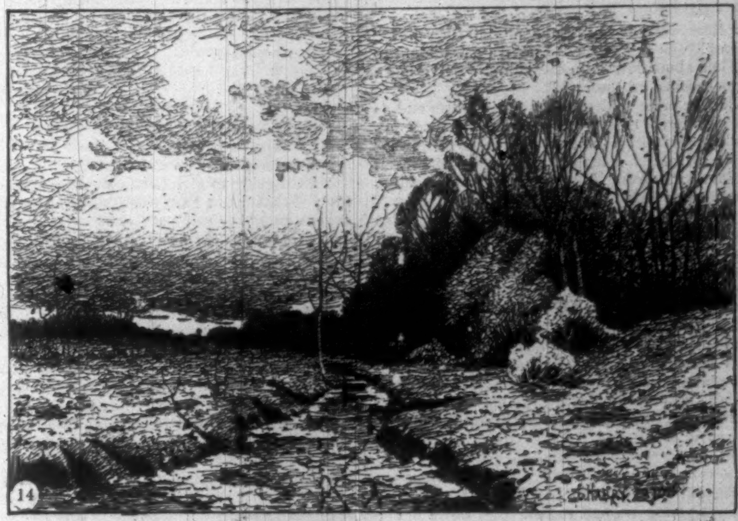
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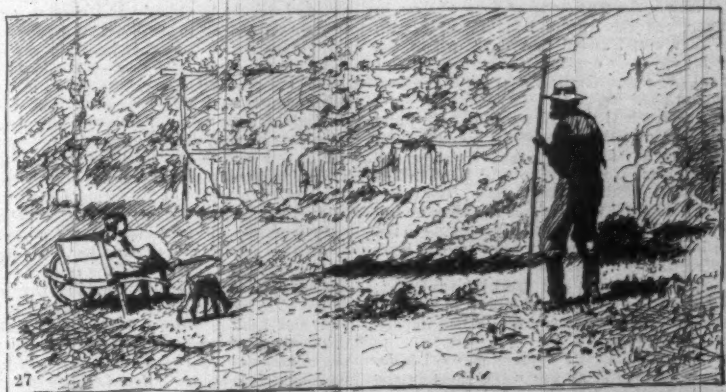
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OF 1885.—[See Page 91.]

Work.—By Alice Hirschberg. 6. Song by the Sea.—By Fidelia Bridges. 7. A Quiet Life.—By W. T. Smedley. 8. In the Oak Room.—By S. R. Burleigh. 9. War.—By Eugene Delacroix.
trecht.—By F. Hopkinson Smith. 16. The Return to Virginia.—By E. L. Henry. 17. Fire Island Beach.—By Charles Parsons. 18. Liz.—By J. Symington. 19. For Thanksgiving-Day.—By T. W. Wood.
orses.—By Mary Anne Richards. 25. Decorative Panel.—By F. S. Church. 26. Threads of Gold.—By C. D. Weldon. 27. Burning Dead Leaves.—By A. B. Frost. 28. Winter.—By J. Francis Murphy.

MISS LETITIA'S HERO.

"WELL, Miss Letitia, what do you think of our fresh arrival?"

"You mean, Madame, what do I think of Miss Taylor?"

"Exactly."

"She has given me a new idea. Previous to her advent I had no conception of what could be accomplished with an utter want of taste, and half a million of money."

"Now, Letitia, you know her toilets are elegant."

"Extravagant, you mean, Madame."

Madame laughed and shrugged her shoulders. Women do not naturally love other women who outdress them, and though Miss Taylor was worth half a million, and occupied Madame's best rooms, she ranked in Madame's good opinion considerably below Miss Letitia Berne, who only taught music and singing. Letitia could not dress extravagantly, and Madame could not dress extravagantly, but they had good taste and clever fingers, and these two things represent money when costumes come to be calculated. Madame looked at Letitia sitting in the morning sunlight, and admired her.

"How well that girl understands her strong points!" she thought. "I have a great mind to tell her about Mr. John Hesk, and so give her a chance above all the rest."

But Madame seldom acted on impulse, and so she wandered round the handsome parlors, adjusting a curtain, altering a picture, and throwing into a carefully arranged confusion prints and books and flowers. Letitia seemed to be reading, but she was not. Her eyes were above the level of her book, and were idly watching the groups sauntering down the street. She was thinking, "I wish I did not have any lessons to give to-day; I wish I did not have to give any lessons at all." Then she blushed, and smiling a little scornfully, shut her book with an emphatic little clash. The next moment she had stood up, and bowed slightly to an elderly beau who was lifting his hat to her from the opposite side of the street.

Madame saw the whole pantomime—the gentleman's elaborate courtesy, the lady's conflicting expressions. She saw also how beautiful Letitia was at this moment, for she stood in the open window, and the bright sunshine fell all over her white robe and pink ribbons, and turned her pale brown hair into a kind of glory. And Letitia was yet young enough to bear this white light; her cheeks had the delicate tint of a wild rose, her eyes were soft and bright, her form slender but perfect.

"I will certainly tell her about this Mr. Hesk," thought Madame, and then, as she was going to speak, a quick, imperative tap at the door arrested her.

"Come in," she said, and with the permission a gentleman advanced with a rapid tread into the room. Not a handsome man, if the plates in the tailors' windows were the standard of masculine beauty, but still a man whose claim to it rested on something better than regular features and stylish coats and cravats. His face was one of great power, and bronzed as if he had set it for long years against winds and weather. His clean-shaved chin was square and firm, his eyes intelligent, deep-set, and glowing with the spirit that informed them. Very tall and muscular, he had a rapidity of motion that was remarkable when taken in combination with the keen, searching look that accompanied it.

He had a request to make of Madame, and he made it in a few clear, lucid sentences. It regarded simply the putting up of some shelves in his room, and the careful handling of certain boxes that would arrive that day. About the latter he was very emphatic. "On no account must any one approach them after they have been deposited there."

Madame received the order a little stiffly, and decided instantly that she would not introduce Mr. Hesk to her favorite; but in the same moment as she made this decision Mr. Hesk looked at Letitia, and Letitia slightly turned. The young man did not speak, but Madame somehow understood him to say, "I wish to be introduced to the young lady," and the next moment he was bowing before Letitia. I have called him young, but he was at least thirty, and probably thirty-five, years old; it was the look of power and the atmosphere of *possibility* about him which imparted the idea of youth.

He made a profound impression on Letitia. For the first time in all her social memory she lost her self-possession, blushed, and in a most embarrassed manner said a few commonplace words. Never had she felt so ashamed of herself; never, probably, in the eyes of any man had she looked so charming and so womanly. The interview was momentary, but in that moment Mr. John Hesk flashed over the girl one vivid, rapid glance, which troubled Letitia's memory all the day afterward.

"Who is that, Madame?"

"A gentleman who took the back suite of parlors last night. I was just going to tell you about him when he came in."

"What is he?"

"I really can not say. Some scientific man, I presume, for Professor Symonds introduced him to me. What do you think of him?"

"I should say he was an earnest, hard-to-beat man; very likely one who has had to fight his own way through life."

"Handsome?"

"Yes, I think so—very."

"Still, Letitia, he is very likely poor. Now Colonel Selby is—"

"Deep in the fifties—a personified straight line."

"A very polished gentleman, though."

"Insufferably polished. Not an angle left; the angles give the diamond brilliancy. It is the same with men and women, Madame."

"He has been rather attentive to Miss Taylor lately. You must take care."

"Likely; for I have kept out of his way, and it is embarrassing for the colonel to be alone with himself. He has no one to act his part to."

"He is rich, Letitia, and you could wear costumes like Miss Taylor."

"Heavens, Madame! what have I done that you should bespeak such a fate for me? I prefer my white merino robe, and pink ribbons at two shillings a yard."

"He is building a beautiful residence, and when it is finished—"

"He will be for ever singing,

'This is the house that I built;
This is the man that lives in the house that I built.'

Thank you, Madame, but I have lost all desire to be the woman who married the man who lived in the house, etc., etc., etc."

"The fact is, Letitia, you have fallen in love with this Mr. Hesk, and nobody knows anything about him, child."

"You said Professor Symonds—"

"Oh yes, certainly. But what does Professor Symonds know about anything but acids and subacids? My dear, the colonel is your best card."

"Then I throw up my hand; that is all."

"Incorrigible?"

"Yes."

"In love?"

"No."

"Going to be?"

"Perhaps—some day."

"You had better go to hard work."

"I am going to give Cecile Meyer a music lesson; if that is not hard work, will you give me a suggestion?"

"Nonsense! Go away about your business, and see you dress yourself prettily for dinner."

"I intend to do so."

And Letitia fulfilled her intention. In fact, she bought a new evening dress of some pale rose-colored silken tissue, and when she had added to it some pretty laces and a few white flowers, she felt quite at peace with her own sense of self-respect. Of course she had an advantage over the other ladies. Their toilets were not fresh, and Mr. Hesk, having already established a speaking acquaintance, naturally felt it a relief among so many strangers to devote himself to her.

Letitia was delighted to observe that he made as profound a sensation on all the rest of the company as he had done on her. The gentlemen disliked him "on instinct"; the ladies fell in love with him on the same unreasonable ground. Letitia felt that it was going to be a battle worthy of her steel, and her heart rose to the occasion.

From this hour she was a restless, anxious, and by no means a happy girl. The fact was, in trying to win Mr. Hesk's heart, she had lost her own, and at the end of two weeks she was not even sure that she had gained one step toward her desire; for though Mr. Hesk hovered round her chair when they were alone, and looked the things she wished he would say, he never did say a word; and when the parlors were full, he paid her less attention than he paid to others.

Miss Taylor, also, had proved a more dangerous rival than she had expected. She was rich, and she loved bugs and butterflies, or at least pretended to do so, and Mr. Hesk was a lunatic, Letitia thought, on that subject. As for Miss Taylor's ridiculous toilets, he seemed utterly oblivious to her want of taste and her odd mixture of colors. "Of course," she thought, a little unjustly, "when a girl has half a million she can mix colors, and crucify good taste every hour of the day, and still be 'so nice.' If I were to wear a crimson velvet dress to breakfast, everybody would say, 'What horrid taste that Letitia Berne has!' But I am not going to be beat—no, indeed!"

It is not pleasant, either, for a girl to lose publicly even a beau that she does not want. Letitia certainly did not care for Colonel Selby, but his attentions in some respects had been acceptable, and, at any rate, had given her a kind of *éclat*. The colonel was a rich man, and most of the ladies looked forward to a time when Letitia would be mistress of his new house and give splendid receptions, and the grandeur of such a position had cast a coming glory before her. While Letitia stood in the sunshine of the colonel's favor she had received many attentions that were withdrawn when he transferred his smiles to Miss Taylor; and Letitia, being only a woman, missed the flowers and bonbons and opera tickets that the colonel so lavishly shed upon the lady whom he delighted to honor. Often Letitia wished that she had been on with the new love before she had thrown off the old one.

Somehow, too, Mr. Hesk did not grow in favor as certainly as might have been expected. Madame was offended at his locking up his parlor with a patent lock, and suffering no one to enter it. She was not in the habit of having any room in her house disobedient to her "open sesame," and she felt that at least she ought to know why this thing was so. She talked over this grievance with all her lady boarders until they all considered it to be somewhat of an injury. *Their* rooms were open to Madame's pass-key. Miss Taylor had very valuable diamonds in hers; Signora Salvez was equally wealthy in precious stones. It was known that Mr. Hunter had a collection of pottery almost equally tempting. If these rooms were left subject to Madame's visits, why should Mr. Hesk's be closed against her?

"It was an open insult to Madame," the signora thought. "And if she were Madame, she would submit to it never!"

But Madame was not the signora. Summer was coming on; the back parlors were profitably let; she could not afford to humor her honor at a fixed loss every week.

At length a young gentleman studying in one of the colleges hit upon a suggestion which really seemed to offer a chance for investigating the locked-parlor subject. He feared it was full of dangerous chemicals. Professor Symonds had brought Mr. Hesk to the house, and everybody knew what Professor Symonds was. This young gentleman had heard that, as a matter of choice, he amused himself with nitro-glycerine and other dangerous explosives every hour of the day, and, in his opinion, Mr. Hesk was engaged in the same pastime. He really expected to find the house blown through the windows some afternoon when he came back from college.

This idea had an air of probability, and the ladies talked it over in little coteries in each other's rooms till the thing was as clear as Holy Writ to them. The house became as thrillingly interesting as if it was haunted, and the locked parlor was more fascinating than if it had contained a ghost.

Of course this constant examination of Mr. Hesk and his motives insensibly influenced people's intercourse with him. He was conscious of a change which he could not analyze, and which annoyed him in an undefinable way. Even Letitia he thought silent and shy, and then it struck him all at once that Letitia's shyness hurt him more than all the rest. "Was he in love with this girl? What folly! Miss Taylor had told him that Letitia was engaged to Colonel Selby, and the colonel was rich. That, of course, settled the matter. He must crush the feeling pitilessly out of his heart."

So he was thinking one day as he went slowly down the street; he looked up, and Letitia was before him. Her music roll was in her hand, and she looked pale and weary. Mr. Hesk told her so.

"Yes," she answered; "I have given five music lessons, all of them to very stupid people—people who want to play Chopin and Weber, and understand them no more than they do Syriac or Chinese. Can you conceive of anything more exhausting?"

"You give music lessons? Then you are—poor? I mean, not rich."

"Yes, I am poor. I work for my living."

"I am very glad. Pardon, Miss Berne. I have said what appears to be a rude thing. If you understood, you would not think so. But you will be rich when you are married to Colonel Selby?"

"There is no question of such a thing. How could you think so meanly of me?"

"Forgive me again. One hears such things in a house full of strangers. Perhaps you have heard very absurd things of me."

"Indeed I have."

Then Letitia, in a burst of confidence, told him all the suppositions and doubts and fears connected with himself and his locked parlor. Indeed, their conversation was so interesting and so prolonged that they strolled down to a famous restaurant, and finished it over a chicken salad and a strawberry ice.

Mr. Hesk, upon the whole, was highly amused at the sensation he had caused, and acting upon Letitia's advice, resolved to broach the subject at the dinner table, and offer the assembled company a peep into his Blue-beard chamber.

The dinner table was unusually gay that evening. It was a gala night at the opera, and many of the ladies were dressed for it, and in correspondingly high spirits. Miss Taylor, however, was an exception to the general rule. Her pet dog had died that day, and she was lost in tender recollections of the beloved creature. Every one had lost a pet, and all had something to remember on the subject. Suddenly Mr. Hesk said,

"Talking of pets, ladies, you have never seen mine, I believe."

"We did not know you had any, Mr. Hesk," remarked Madame.

"Oh, but I have. Some very valuable and singular ones. If the company will go with me to my parlor after dinner, I shall be glad to exhibit them."

No proposition could have been more acceptable. The opera was interesting, but Mr. Hesk's parlor was superlatively interesting, and when he moved toward it he had a long train of elegantly dressed ladies and gentlemen following him.

A curious sight met their eyes when the door was flung open. The marble chimney-piece was crowded with stuffed birds of the most brilliant plumage. "Such a shame!" as little Jenny Lawson remarked, "when they might have been on lovely velvet hats, which was their natural place." The shelves which had been put up were also full of stuffed birds and animals, cases of beetles and butterflies leaned against the walls, and on a large centre table was a glass case which caused every lady present to emit "Ohs" and "Ahs" and terrified little shrieks. In fact, it contained several live snakes. And opening a closet, Mr. Hesk displayed other varieties of his pets, some small, brilliantly marked ones squirming about in large glass jars, others whose coiled length was apparently only in a state of semi-existence.

"You perceive, ladies," he said, "why I have thought it necessary to lock so securely my private little paradise. You know that when serpents have a notion to excite the curiosity of lovely women, then women lose all fear and become reckless. I thought it better not to lead you again into temptation." Then, having shown them all the curiosities of the place, he dismissed his audience to the opera.

Madame was now seriously afraid that she must lose her boarder, but there was no talk of such a thing. In the monotony of boarding-house life a room full of snakes and centipedes was felt to be an excitement of the most thrilling and delicious character, and Mr. Hesk was the hero of the house. If people had wondered before, they speculated twice as eagerly now. Who and what could this man be? A great traveller? A great naturalist? A great hero of some kind, Letitia declared. She invented for him all the noble qualities which she supposed necessary to such a character, and carefully read up the history of South American republics, since his pets seemed most likely to have been collected there.

The colonel, who considered the whole duty of man to lie in the accumulation of money and the pursuit of pleasure, was seized with a profound contempt for a man who locked up snakes and butterflies; but, apart from this defection, John Hesk kept the position he had gained, until the summer weather came, and Madame's boarders scattered to their various watering-places.

One month's holiday in a year was all Letitia could afford. She was going with Madame in August; until then she could be very comfortable with Madame in the city. Especially so as Mr. Hesk spent every evening with her, and her alone now.

And what delicious evenings they were in the warm still drawing-room, or riding slowly together in the moonlight! Letitia knew now that she had fairly won this great, strong heart, and poor or rich, she felt willing to abide by her choice—yea, though Colonel Selby had magnanimously given her the summer to review her refusal of him, and had promised to retain his hand and his new house for her reconsideration until his return in the fall of the year; for he thought by that time Letitia would have fully realized the misery of not being able to do as one's neighbors do, and, weary and disgusted with her commonplace life, gladly accept the release he could offer her.

If he could have known what a heavenly summer Letitia was having, if he could have seen the long *tête-à-tête* in the dim parlors, and the long rambles up and down the silent street, he would have had doubts about Letitia being "weary and disgusted" with life. Indeed, Letitia had never been so supremely happy. Only one thing annoyed her: Hesk never said a word about his family, or his profession, or his means of supporting her as a wife. Two or three times he had been on the point of doing it, and then relinquished his intention.

One hot day in July Letitia was rather unpleasantly surprised to receive a visit from a country family with whom she had once staid a summer. They had come now with a friendly invitation to her, and though they broke in upon her happy life with John Hesk, she could not but try and make their visit as pleasant as possible. She went shopping with them the first day; the second day they exhausted the picture-galleries; the third day they went in the afternoon to a famous zoological garden.

Up and down the long avenues of caged lions and Bengal tigers and chattering monkeys they went, Letitia thinking of John, and wearily trying to be polite and tolerant under the continual exclamations of her friends. All at once there was a frightful commotion—shouts and shrieks and the tramp of rushing multitudes. In an agony of terror they ran hither and thither, and Letitia saw an immense Libyan lion trotting down the avenue, lashing his tail from side to side, and growling ominously.

As he approached Letitia there was a shout of a different character, a sharp whiz through the air, a lasso round the neck of the beast, and a loud, authoritative voice calling, "Crouch, Cæsar!"

Letitia knew that voice, though she had never heard it set to such a kingly pitch, and, quite unconscious of her presence, John Hesk approached the crouching brute, struck it powerfully with a large whip he held in his hand, and forced it to enter the cage from which it had escaped. An immense crowd followed the man and the lion, and Letitia, with glowing cheeks and beating heart, was among them.

The lion's escapade had aroused a kind of insurrection among all the animals within his influence, but John went from one to the other of the most fierce and brutal of creatures, and compelled them all to whine and cower before his eye and voice. Even among the restless elephants, whose keepers looked anxiously toward him, his voice and presence had the same effect, and Letitia noticed that, not only the brutes, but the men in attendance on them, paid him the same unconscious homage.

John never saw her. His eyes were fixed upon the wild creatures they controlled, but Letitia watched him with an admiration that made her heart beat, and her eyes flash almost to a level pitch with her lover's.

After a little while peace reigned supreme, and John disappeared within the offices attached to the garden. Letitia could not bring herself to leave the place without satisfying her curiosity now, and very soon she found an old man able partially to gratify her. He was only a gardener, and was carefully tying up an overweighted rose-tree.

"Know the gentleman who caught the lion?" he said. "Indeed, ma'am, I do. It was the professor, no doubt. Professor Hesk is one of the men have power over the beasts of the field."

"Does he stay here always?"

"No, no. What would he do that for? He is just home from the East Indies and the burning deserts of Africa. He brought with him yon brute Cæsar, and more than him, I can tell you. He is a grand hunter, and a grand scholar, and a born king over brute natures."

"He must be a brave man?"

"Brave and gentle too. I am sorry myself that he is going away again. But he brought me some rare new flowers, and he'll bring more next time."

"Is it a trade to catch and subdue these wild creatures?"

"Well, it is, and it isn't, ma'am. He is fond of travel and finding out all about strange countries, and not being a rich man, he catches these wild animals to pay the expenses of his explorations. At least that is what I have heard, ma'am. He is a grand man, is Professor Hesk."

"He is a hero, one of science's noblest heroes," thought Letitia, proudly.

When Letitia arrived at home again she found that her friends had been sent for, and their car-

riage was waiting. That fortunate circumstance left her alone with John Hesk at night. He was sitting by her side in the twilight, and again he seemed on the point of saying something, but only ventured on the commonplace inquiry, "What have you been doing to-day?"

"I was at the Zoological Gardens."

He looked her steadily in the eyes, and said, "At what time?"

"From one o'clock till four. I was very much frightened—and very much delighted. Oh, John, I was so happy and so proud at what I saw!"

"Really?"

"Really, John. Of men and beasts you were king this afternoon."

"Very good. But of one dear little woman's heart—what of that, Letitia?"

"Over that you reigned supreme."

"Now and forever?"

"Now and forever, John."

"Even if I should ask her to go with me to strange, wild countries?"

"She will go with you to the pole or to the equator."

"And never leave me?"

"Neither in time nor eternity."

"Yes, she sailed with him yesterday," said Madame to her old party one day the following November, "and I never saw a couple so infatuated with each other."

"Where are they gone to?" asked Miss Taylor, in the middle of a tender sentence from Colonel Selby.

"To the East Indies, I believe. Professor Hesk has resolved to explore the forests of India in search of rare plants and birds and snakes, and some mythical white elephants."

"What an idea!" cried pretty Jenny Lawson. "Letitia always used to say she meant to spend her honey-moon in Paris."

"Honey-moon!" said the colonel, scornfully. "Honey-moon among snakes and tigers! I should not think it will last long."

"You are out of reckoning this time, colonel," said the young collegian. "Do you know, I believe Mr. and Mrs. Hesk's honey-moon will last to their harvest-moon."

Whereupon Madame said, "You do say such queer things, Mr. Alfred!" and the whole table looked at him inquisitively, as if he had propounded a conundrum.

THE BARYE BRONZES.

BALTIMORE appears to be a singularly favored city. The gallantry of the whole country concedes it to have the fairest daughters, and it has had so many great events and good men to commemorate that it is known as the city of monuments. It is also the gastronomic Mecca of America, and imperishable is the fame of its terrapin, its canvas-backs, and its oysters. Noble bequests have enriched the community. The great endowment of JOHNS HOPKINS has made it already famous as a university town; while the well-administered trusts of the Peabody Institute and other educational legacies, and the new Enoch Pratt Library, have given it an exceptional interest for scholars.

In respect to the fine arts, the liberal taste of one citizen has created a collection of objects of art which is not approached in variety, interest, value, or educational importance by any other in this country, or by any private collection or single public or national collection in Europe. The residence of Mr. WILLIAM T. WALTERS, on Mount Vernon Place, in Baltimore, is a fine and comfortable dwelling, but it bears, as he seems to prefer that it should, only the relation of the curator's dwelling to the galleries which have been added to it. They contain a wonderful collection of pictures, a bewildering gathering of the richest keramics and metal-works of China and Japan, and examples of a vast field of the art industries of all nations. Among the recent additions to this remarkable treasury is a gallery devoted to the works of BARYE, the great French sculptor, and last week Mr. WALTERS threw it open to a large gathering of artists and literary men assembled from all parts to assist on the occasion. Upon the same day he presented to the city of Baltimore the four groups by BARYE of which engravings were published in the WEEKLY of January 24, and the same artist's colossal "Lion of the Tuileries," the unveiling of which is depicted in the engraving on page 84.

This splendid gift to the city of Baltimore stands beneath the celebrated Washington Monument, and it was well observed by a thoughtful and appreciative admirer of BARYE's genius that the adjoining shaft did not look so very tall, after all. W. M. L.

OUR CURRENCY FOR THE LAST TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

V.

SILVER.—BIMETALLISM.—"TRADE" AND "STANDARD" DOLLARS.—THE PRESENT STATE OF THINGS.

IN 1878 a new element of confusion was added to the currency of the country.

A coinage law had been passed in 1873, when the United States had no coin, which simplified and codified the laws about coin in preparation for resumption. The law was passed to meet the needs, interests, and convenience of the people of the United States in the best manner possible as things then stood. At that time there was among the lawful coins of the United States a silver dollar of 412½ grains. Such dollars were worth $1 02 in comparison with the gold dollar of 25.8 grains. Hence only a few of them had ever been coined, and those only for convenience of exportation of the silver. In the law of 1873 the silver dollar was dropped from the list of coins.

Silver had been slowly falling in value for ten years. Immediately after this law was passed it began to fall very rapidly. The countries which had silver eagerly hastened to get rid of it, for the one which was left with it last must suffer the total depreciation. The countries which had the "double standard" hastened to close their mints against silver—that is, to abandon the double standard—lest they should pass over to a single silver standard. It might have been thought that the United States was fortunate in having acted in good season, and avoided any danger of becoming, through the silver dollar which had so long stood idly on the statute-book, a silver-currency country. Another view, however, was taken. There was great clamor and regret that we had given up the chance to use the depreciated silver. The time soon came when 412½ grains of silver were worth less than 25.8 grains of gold. The dollar in use as a standard of prices and contracts was the paper dollar, worth, in 1874, ninety cents in gold. The paper dollar, however, was appreciating all the time, and silver continued to fall, so that 412½ grains of silver came to be worth less than the paper dollar. No such coin, however, as a 412½-grain silver dollar existed or could be obtained.

In 1873 Congress had authorized a coin to be struck of 420 grains of silver, to be called the "trade dollar." It had no relation to American coins, and no right to the name "dollar." It might have had some entirely different name, for it was intended to put silver into convenient shape for exportation to the East. As silver declined, 420 grains of it came to be worth less than a gold dollar, and then less than a paper dollar. The trade dollars could be obtained at the mint, and they came into circulation here. In the revision of 1874 the trade dollars were mentioned amongst the lawful coins of the United States.

February 28, 1878, Congress passed, over the President's veto, a bill to "authorize the coinage of the standard silver dollar, and to restore its legal-tender character." The word "standard" in this caption has no meaning. The act provided that the Secretary of the Treasury should buy monthly not less than two million dollars' worth of silver at the market price, and cause it to be coined into 412½-grain dollars, to be a "legal tender, at their nominal value, for all debts and dues, public or private, except where otherwise expressly stipulated in the contract."

This piece of legislation was extraordinarily perverse and senseless. It seems to be a notion born of the paper-money period that "legal tender" means a device for making currency pass at a "nominal" value differing from its true value. This notion is false and pernicious. Legal tender only defines the terms of a contract, not in order to change the contract by force, but to preserve it intact while protecting the debtor from vexation if there should be demanded of him, under terms of loose and inexact definition, something which he never expected to have to give. If a man contracts to deliver a bushel of peaches, the law defines what he must give: there is a legal bushel. If be contracts to deliver a basket of peaches, neither he nor the other party knows what ought to be given: there is no legal "basket." Legal tender properly means nothing more than this: it defines the terms of a contract. In its correct sense it is essential to sound credit; in the false sense which is given to it, it is ruinous to credit.

The law of 1873 was not forced upon the United States. It was deliberately adopted by the constituted authorities of the country in the exercise of their free discretion and power. It was therefore silly to try to invoke history or anything else to conceal the fact that a depreciated dollar was deliberately adopted in 1878, in view of the fact that, and because, it was depreciated. However, the silver dollar was not really restored. To restore it, it would have been necessary to offer a free mint for it, and to coin silver for any one who could bring it to the mint into 412½-grain dollars. This was not done, but the silver is bought as it is bought for the fractional coins. It is, however, bought arbitrarily in fixed monthly amounts, and not to meet demand, as is the case with the silver for fractional coins. No one can get one of the silver dollars except for a gold dollar in value; hence the act of 1878 has never favored debtors at all. In time, however, the arbitrary action of the law is certain to make the United States a silver nation, and to put us under many of the inconveniences which India now experiences.

The Treasury apparently makes a great profit by coining eighty-five cents' worth of silver into a dollar which it sells for a gold dollar. It would do so if it could sell them and be free of any obligation ever to redeem them. It manufactures them, however, far beyond the amount which it can sell of them, and it is forced to store them at heavy expense. The silver is taken out of the ground in Nevada, coined at Philadelphia, and buried in the ground again at Washington. There are now about 180,000,000 of the dollars in existence. Of these, 40,000,000 are in the hands of the public, 40,000,000 are owned and held by the Treasury, and 100,000,000 are held by the Treasury and owned by the holders of silver certificates in circulation. Whenever this stock of silver is sold, as it some time must be, a loss will be incurred which may amount to twenty-five per cent. of its nominal value in dollars at the present time. If, on the other hand, this metal had been allowed to go on into the world's market like any other commodity, it would have been sold abroad to the great advantage of this and all other countries.

The law of 1878 does not establish any kind of double standard, or bimetallism. It provided that the United States should go on and do as above described, and that *afterward* other nations should be invited to join in a coinage union. Bimetallism, or the union of the two metals at a fixed ratio, is an absurdity. It is as impossible as perpetual motion. A double standard is a practical impossibility. An international coinage union has never been seriously intended by any other nation than the United States. Each of the leading nations of Europe had a great and immediate interest of some sort in the fall of silver. It hurt and annoyed them all. The United States had no stock of silver, and no interest at stake in any way. It had troubles of its own from depreciated paper. No foreign nation came forward and volunteered to help us. In 1875 we bought a supply of silver for our fractional currency, and got it cheap. We were in a position to wait and profit by any turn in affairs while solving our own problem, and to let other nations solve theirs. By the act of 1878 we voluntarily took upon ourselves a share in the silver trouble. Other nations looked on with amused and pleased astonishment to see us come forward to assume their burdens for them. They had been waiting to find somebody on whom to unload the stock of silver, not expecting that anybody would be found sufficiently ignorant and foolish, but the United States stepped forth and offered to take it. If we would do that, there was no reason why they should enter into any coinage union.

Some of the advocates of the act predicted that it would restore the value of silver. The United States brings a demand into the market which of course helps to sustain the value, but it was impossible to predict the amount of effect which would be produced. Every prediction and promise of the silver men has failed of fulfillment. There has been an apparent gain to the producers of silver in that a strong buyer has come into the market when their product was falling in value, and has bought it for the sake of buying it. This, they say, is their share in the great beneficence of protection. There is, however, no reason to believe that this action of the government has been more advantageous to the silver producers for the last five years than the uninterrupted course of the market would have been. Some time the stock of silver must be sold, and the effect will be far more disastrous to the mining industry than the regular course of trade would have been.

It is evident now that the currency of the country is still in great confusion and exposed to serious perils, and that the resumption of specie payments on a gold basis, after being earned and accomplished, is not assured. Let us see what a "dollar" is, and how many kinds of dollars we have. We have gold "dollars" of 25.8 grains each, which still are the standard to and by which everything else must be measured. This will remain the standard in spite of anything which anybody can do. A "standard" can be only one simple and uniform thing. By the gold dollar our relations with the civilized world, which now uses gold only, are regulated. If we should return to irredeemable paper, or should use silver, those "standards" would simply have to be converted into gold. The quotation of the premium by which this conversion was operated would again obtain the importance which the gold premium had six years ago. Through the industries which produce for export, and through their adjustment to all other industries, this relation between our currency and that of the outside world would affect all our interests. The notion that foreign trade and home trade are two things which can be separated from each other in discussion or in interest has no foundation in fact.

The public has repudiated the "trade dollar," and thrown it out of use. The 412½-grain dollar has for three or four years been worth about eighty-five cents in gold. So long as the number of these coins is limited—that is, so long as the Treasury has a surplus which it can invest in buying them and storing them up, while its other funds suffice to meet its obligations—these coins can be sustained at par, just as the fractional coins are.

Next we have a dollar made up of two halves or four quarters, weighing 385.8 grains, legal tender only for $10, and sold by the Mint only at par in gold. These coins are maintained at their nominal value by the principle of monopoly.

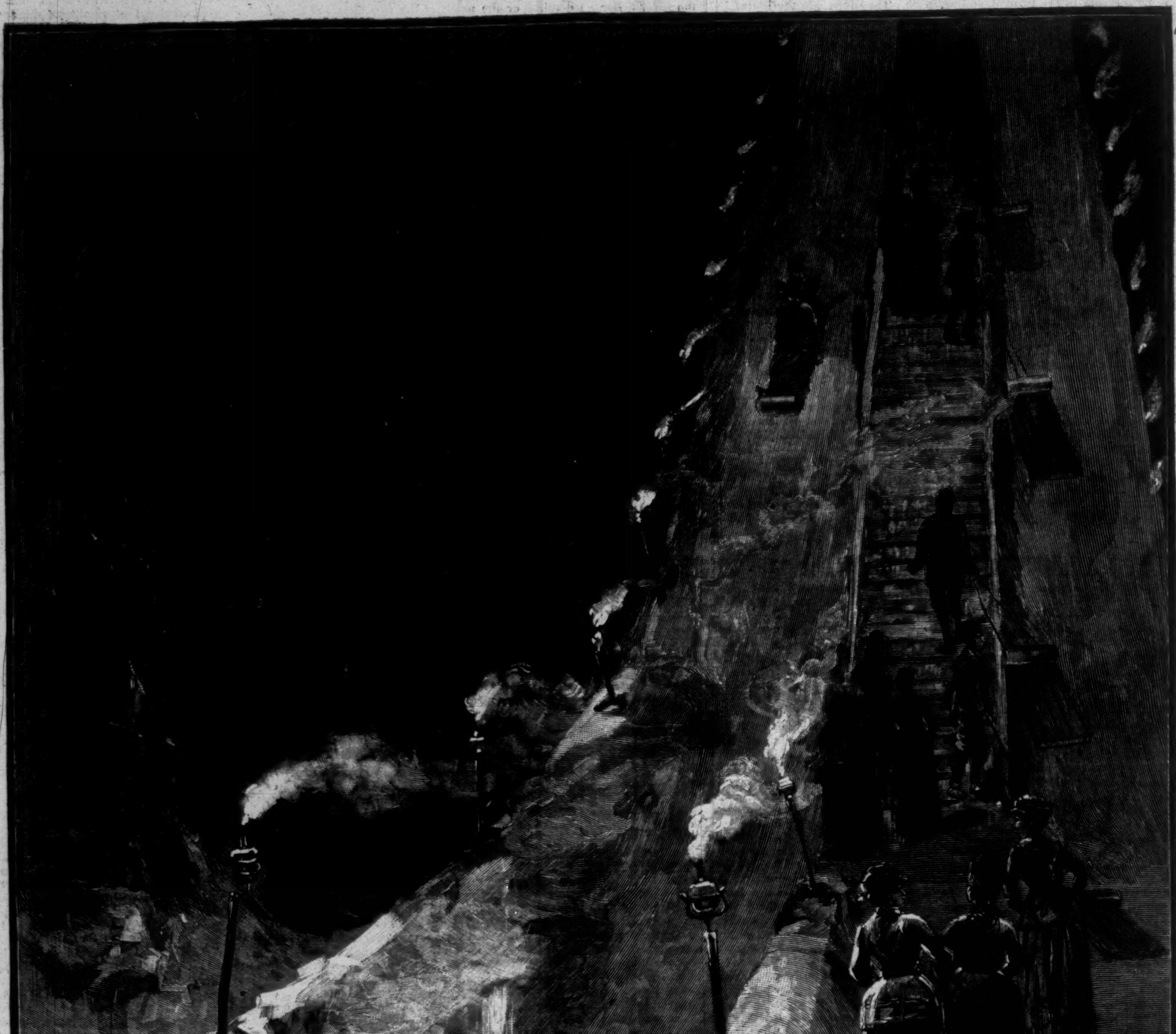
Then we have the greenback dollars, the total amount of which is arbitrarily fixed by law at $346,000,000. The Treasury holds about $80,000,000 of these. A reserve of $100,000,000 —more than one-third of the active circulation— in gold is held to redeem these notes. Hence the greenback is a kind of convertible note; but the public Treasury can not maintain a convertible note circulation as a bank of discount and deposit carries its circulation. A bank lends its notes on discounts having three or four months to run, and the circulation is really carried by the constant renewal of loans and payments. A bank, also, is able to control its circulation in total amount. The Treasury has no functions which enable it to imitate a bank, and it has no motive for desiring to maintain notes in circulation. The United States makes no profit on the greenback issue like the profit of a bank on its circulation. Next we have the national bank-note dollar—not legal tender except to and from the Treasury—which, like the greenback, is now at par with gold. Then we have the gold certificates, lowest denomination $20—not legal tender, because as soon as we come to truth and fact no question about force can arise—which are certificates of deposit for an equal amount of coin. Finally we have silver certificates, lowest denomination $10, obtained by a deposit of an equal amount of silver dollars, redeemable by a redelivery of silver dollars, and good for just what the silver dollars are worth.

The Mint authorities estimate that there are $600,000,000 worth of gold in the country, of which the banks hold $150,000,000 and the Treasury $150,000,000. If this calculation is correct, there are $300,000,000 in the hands of the people. This stock of gold it is desired to keep. But it has been enacted that the greenbacks shall not be withdrawn to make room for the gold; that is to say, we have resolved to continue to float so many of our obligations, and to use them as currency. Thirdly, we have bought $180,000,000 of silver, which we hold fifteen per cent. above the market. The total of all kinds of currency is about $1,800,000,000, of which about $1,000,000,000 is net active circulation. Employing all such means of forming an opinion as we can employ, it appears certain that this amount is in excess of the requirement. It has been protected and maintained by the sale of securities abroad. The only part of it which can yield to pressure is the bank-note circulation. The net reduction of this in 1884 was over $16,000,000. There is some complaint and alarm about this "contraction," but if there are $300,000,000 gold somewhere in the country, there can be no contraction. The gold would simply come into the place left by the bank notes. The effect now of this excessive currency after resumption was that industry, instead of reviving naturally and steadily, started with a "boom." Prices of staple articles advanced until they crippled the more advanced industries which used those articles, and produced distress and discontent amongst laborers. The speedy consequence was a turn in the exchanges and an exportation of gold, which produced a reaction and arrest of prosperity. At the same time, as year by year the silver stock in the Treasury has grown, it has threatened the power of the Treasury to maintain gold payments, caused a hoarding of gold, and destroyed the foreign market for securities. If that fails, the protection to our situation here is withdrawn, and the reaction of 1883 and 1884 is the consequence. We are trying to carry our greenback indebtedness, our stock of gold, our stock of silver, and our wheat, cotton, etc., at inflated prices. When the exchanges turn against us, as in the spring of 1884, the first thing to go is gold; if we desire to prevent that, the next thing to go is wheat at a fall in price. The things which we can retain are our obligations, and the silver for which we give fifteen per cent. more than anybody else. W. G. SUMNER.

THE WATER-COLOR EXHIBITION.

IN the sense in which women's impressions are sometimes said to be finer and fresher than men's, the annual water-color exhibition is finer and fresher than the annual oil exhibition. The delicacy, translucency, and brightness of aerial tones, the power to seize and fix a beautiful moment, the intimate poetry of the vaporous twilight or dawn, the charm of an evanescent effect that bears the impress of a personal sentiment—these are the things one thinks of in connection with water-color drawings, and speaks of in the presence of the oil-painter who claims that his means of expression are the best possible to pictorial art; and for these the American water-colorist has always shown the profoundest respect. In the midst of the Philistinism that would dominate him if it could, he fails not to insist that he can produce special distinctive features of beauty beyond the reach of the painter in oils, and to deny with emphasis the dogma, often heard in the shades of the Academy, that an oil-painting can present all the delicacy of a water-color, together with very much more; can "produce" such features, he would say, rather than reproduce them, for it has long been his conviction—which the present exhibition declares in clearer tones than any of its predecessors—that Nature is not a subject to be reproduced, but an influence acting upon the artist, causing him to present as real the impressions received thereby. Not that he is an Impressionist in the technical sense of the term; he has never been one. The clever vagaries of Mr. CURRIER and his imitators—none of whom, not even Mr. CURRIER himself, appear this year—never met the sympathy of the American water-colorist. "They won't last," he used to say at the time of their advent, four or five years ago. "They make people talk, and sometimes they make people buy, but they are abnormal." When he wishes to instance his ideal of a genuine manner he is sure to point to a fresh, sweet, and juicy thing like Mr. ALFRED PARSONS's landscape, for example; yet is he liberal enough to appreciate "the soul of goodness in things evil," and even to lament that the vagaries this year are so few; for such things, he says, at least give snap to an exhibition, and, by piquing curiosity, increase the receipts at the ticket office.

Seriousness of purpose exists this year to an unwonted extent, even in so comparatively slight a matter as that of the decoration of the galleries. Mr. LOUIS C. TIFFANY, the committee of one, has evidently acted upon the belief that the decorations last year were excessive, and that they detracted from the attention due to the pictures themselves. Accordingly he has restrained himself. The spectator sees no elaborate exposition of a gamut of color in the arrangement of portières and porcelains; much less is he treated to such an exposition in the arrangement of the pictures themselves, although the work of the hanging committee could scarcely be called less intelligent than usual. The finest trait of this seriousness is the increased respect for transparency and the methods that lead to it, and an increased disrespect for opaqueness and the methods that lead to it. Even where Chinese white has been used for the high lights there has been, in many very interesting cases, an obvious effort not to let it seem to be Chinese white. Successful expression is impossible without the emotion that springs from conviction, and though only a few painters are able to express clearly and purely the deeper emotions, American art in water-colors is entitled to the credit of being more serious than any of its competitors.



TOBOGGANING AT SARATOGA.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 94.]

HUNTING ON SNOW-SHOES.—Drawn by J. Macdonald.—[See Page 94.]

[See Page 94.]

HUNTING ON SNOW-SHOES.

Max Müller has lately, in an ingenious essay, distinguished between the "progressive savage" and the unprogressive savage. It is not to the degraded savage of our own time, he insists, that we should look for the nearest approach to primeval man, but to such savages as the Germans of whom Tacitus gives account. If we were to adopt this distinction we could have no difficulty in assigning to a highly progressive savage the invention of the snow-shoe. The North American Indian, who undoubtedly invented them, would not be classed by those who have only contemplated him since fire-water and Indian agents have done their ruthless work upon him as among the progressive savages. Nevertheless, that there was a time when he was capable of better things, the snow-shoe amply proves. Compare this delicate, strong, elastic fabric, for example, with the long clumsy planks which the contemporaneous Scandinavian straps to his feet to make a painful and lumbering way across the snow. Anybody seeing these two devices together would not hesitate to say that the Norwegian snow-shoe was a rude and barbaric make-shift to attain the purpose far more skillfully gained by the aboriginal American. No more complete adaptation of means to ends than this can be found in the arts even of highly civilized nations, nor any which has more of the beauty which comes from a direct expression of use. Of this invention necessity was unmistakably the mother, since in the northern part of the temperate zone of this continent during the winter no locomotion is possible without it. The advantage that the progressive savage may have over the civilized man was vividly illustrated during the late snow blockade in Oregon, when the passengers in a railroad train, that last mechanical attainment of civilization, were lodged immovably in a snow-drift, and would have starved but for the intervention of the beneficent ravens of the railway company, who came to them upon snow-shoes bearing supplies. The moose-hunter also has reason to bless the inventor of snow-shoes, though the views of the moose, if they could be obtained, would probably be expressed in malediction.

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

HEALTH ANNALS.

Journals of infancy and childhood, if properly kept, may be of great value in the preservation of health and toward the better knowledge of family character.

How should such journals be kept? In a family of my acquaintance two have been carefully written up from the beginning of the child's life—one to record the growth of his body, the other that of his mind. The first journal is divided under the following heads, which give all the main physiological data in a natural order:

(Name and birth-place.) Descent. Birth. Nursing. Weaning. Vaccination. Teething (tables). Walking. Special Senses. Pulse (tables). Temperatures (tables). Temperament. Exercise. Physical Strength. Hygienic Habits. Idiosyncrasies. Resemblances to Family. Weight. Measurements of Growth (tables). Illnesses. Accidents.

Under these heads the data of the child's physical development are summed up from year to year.

The other journal is somewhat less methodical, because it does not employ physical measurements. It takes note from week to week and year to year of the child's mental growth as shown in his language, his tastes, his aptitudes, his aversions, his progress in thought and in study. It takes special care to present a fair and true record of his mind, and not the flattered picture which is often drawn by the parent. The actual words spoken by the child must be recorded, not his edited words; and things that are mere suggestions or repetitions of what he has recently heard must be excluded. It is better understood now than formerly that it is not an object to stimulate a precocious mental growth in a child. But there are many parents who wish their children to be, or to appear, precocious; and when such a parent keeps a journal of a child's doings and sayings, he (or rather she) will easily make it out a paragon. This is done by changing, however little, the actual language of the child, and by omitting to say whether its wise remarks are anything more than the near reverberations of what it has recently heard or read. It is only when the child begins to form combinations of thought or fancy for itself that its wise sayings should be recorded; and its sayings should be caught on the wing, that they may be recorded with entire accuracy.

But although each of these child-records, the journal of the body and the journal of the mind, may be of the first value in his training, it is the first-mentioned of the two, or the health annals, that is to be especially recommended from the point of view of health. One should not, without very good reasons, propose the assumption of a new care to a devoted mother, and none other would undertake a journal of this sort. And yet, though the task requires much careful intelligence, it is not a serious one, except in so far as accuracy and system are required; and in these many parents are deficient. The actual work of writing such a journal is small; a few words, a few figures, every month are generally sufficient to preserve an invaluable record. But these data, these few words and figures, must be carefully chosen and punctually set down, and they must be set down in a book upon permanent printed forms, or they will be crude and unsystematic at the best, and the mother's effort to keep up the journal will not last very long. The best book of forms that I have seen is one by Professor J. B. Fonssagrives, *The Mother's Register; Notes on the Health of Children*—a useful little volume, of which a translation was published in this city some years ago. The book has its faults, but it is arranged substantially in such an order of topics as that which I have given, and its forms will guide the parent's observations and spare her labor. A separate volume is to be used for the permanent record of each child.

The same author in an earlier work* urges parents "to record incidents of development or of sickness as they occur. The physician would furnish, if asked, the proper terms of description. No theories, no hypotheses: precise facts and dates, and nothing more. The benefit of such orderly notes may extend throughout the whole life; for it is seldom that the health formulæ of early years do not repeat themselves, with some variations, throughout the later life; and the record thus contains information that will be serviceable at every age."

A greater sense of the value of health is needed in the household. This is always stimulated by the keeping of health annals, while the more careful observation that is demanded by the habit of recording the phenomena of health and of illness make the keeping of such a journal as I have described an efficient means of preventing disease. The parent who has studied and recorded the history of an illness in one child will be the quicker to perceive its approach in another, or in a second attack, and more skillful in its treatment. The health annals will give, as the author just quoted says, "proof of connection between sicknesses that are remote from each other in time, but associated by a common nature. They will bring to light hereditary resemblances that had not been suspected; they will warn the physician of peculiar hygienic conditions, and of peculiar susceptibilities to medicines. And besides these benefits to the family, scientific conclusions of general utility could often be drawn from the comparison of these records in the same family, or in different families."

An English scientist has lately circulated blank forms for the record of developmental changes both in children and in adults. It is by comparing such observations in multitudes that our little ones and ourselves are to win our way, with slowly increasing safety, through the hosts of robber microbes, banded bacilli, and other noxious creatures that are said to lie in wait for our lives.

Titus Munson Coan, M.D.

TOBOGGANING IN SARATOGA.

The popular belief that a summer resort must be a dismal place in winter is not borne out by the experience of the dwellers in places which strangers know only in their hot-weather aspects. In Newport it used to be maintained that the local tradesman had two scales of prices, insomuch that when the cottager became a resident he was compelled to take diplomatic action to be established upon the footing of the most favored customer. Now that it is getting to be recognized that Newport is not only habitable but delightful in the winter, the permanence of some ex-cottagers is reported to have increased the cost of living even to the all-year Newporter. In the White Mountains and the Catskills the end of the season is hailed with delight by the natives, whose "season" begins after the birds of passage have taken their flight city-ward. The young ladies who have been waiting at the table of the vacation makers resume their places in society, with the added attractiveness derived from their summer's contemplation of the backs of toilets created by metropolitan dressmakers; while the young gentlemen who have artfully beguiled the stranger of his dollars by driving him about the mountains, thrown, except for a few perfunctory "chores," upon their own resources for occupation, organize festivities, and lead a mazy dance, which can not be accurately called the German, but may perhaps be the Dutch.

Saratoga is not so primitive or so rustic as this, being, apart from the summer population—the existence of which is indicated in winter only by the monstrous hotels—an ancient, polite, and beautiful village, with excellent social traditions of its own. The summer tourist sees nothing of it, the foreground of his field of vision being occupied by the politicians and the racing men and the belles of the hotel parlors and verandas; but in winter the community thus overshadowed asserts itself in many pleasant ways. A local club has projected and completed one of the toboggan slides which elevate the simple pastime of sliding down hill into a sport as highly evolved from its original as the Doric temple is from the primitive hut. The slide is a framework about forty or fifty feet high at the point of departure, and twice that in length, the angle of inclination being twenty-three degrees, and the grade thus one in four, while the slide continues for a quarter of a mile down the natural hill the upper slope of which is thus sharpened. The central part of the structure is given to a stairway, upon one side of which is the slide, brought by the careful and assiduous application of water to the highest attainable degree of lubricity, and upon the other the roughened ascent up which the tobogganers drag their empty sleds. This latter necessity is the chief drawback of tobogganing, as well as of ruder forms of coasting. It has been obviated by the enterprising builder of a slide on one of the Schwanemunk Mountains, who has provided an elevator for sleds and passengers, so that the excitement of sliding down at the rate of fifty feet a second is alternated with repose. Furious as is the speed attained on these slides, mishaps are rarer than in primitive coasting on high-roads, where there is a chance of collision with teams. Only one accident, and that a slight one, has occurred at Saratoga.

* *Le Rôle des Mères dans les Maladies des Enfants.* Paris, 1869.

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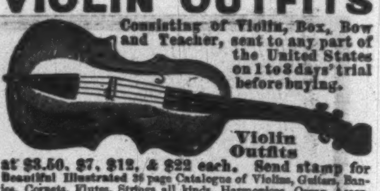
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